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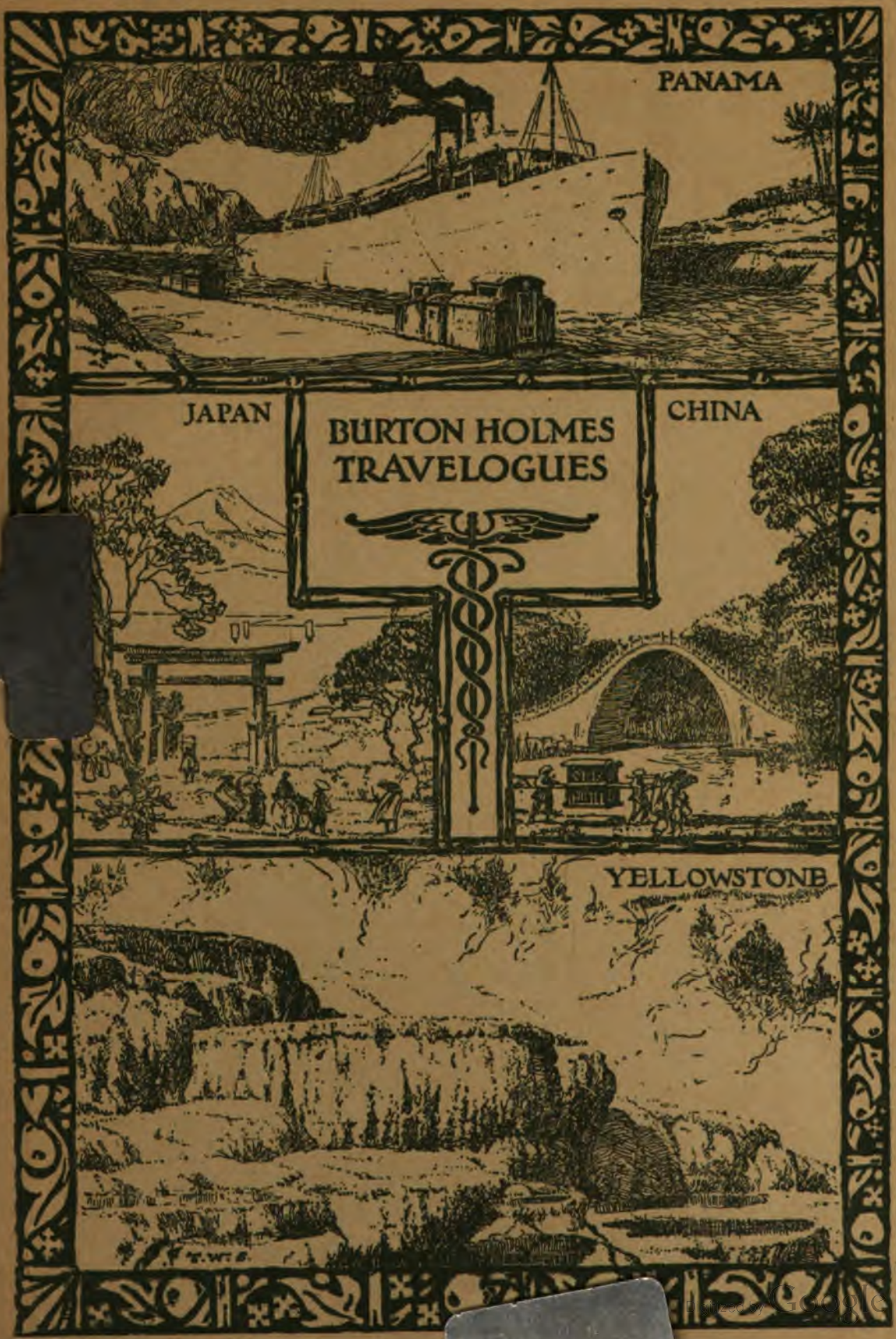
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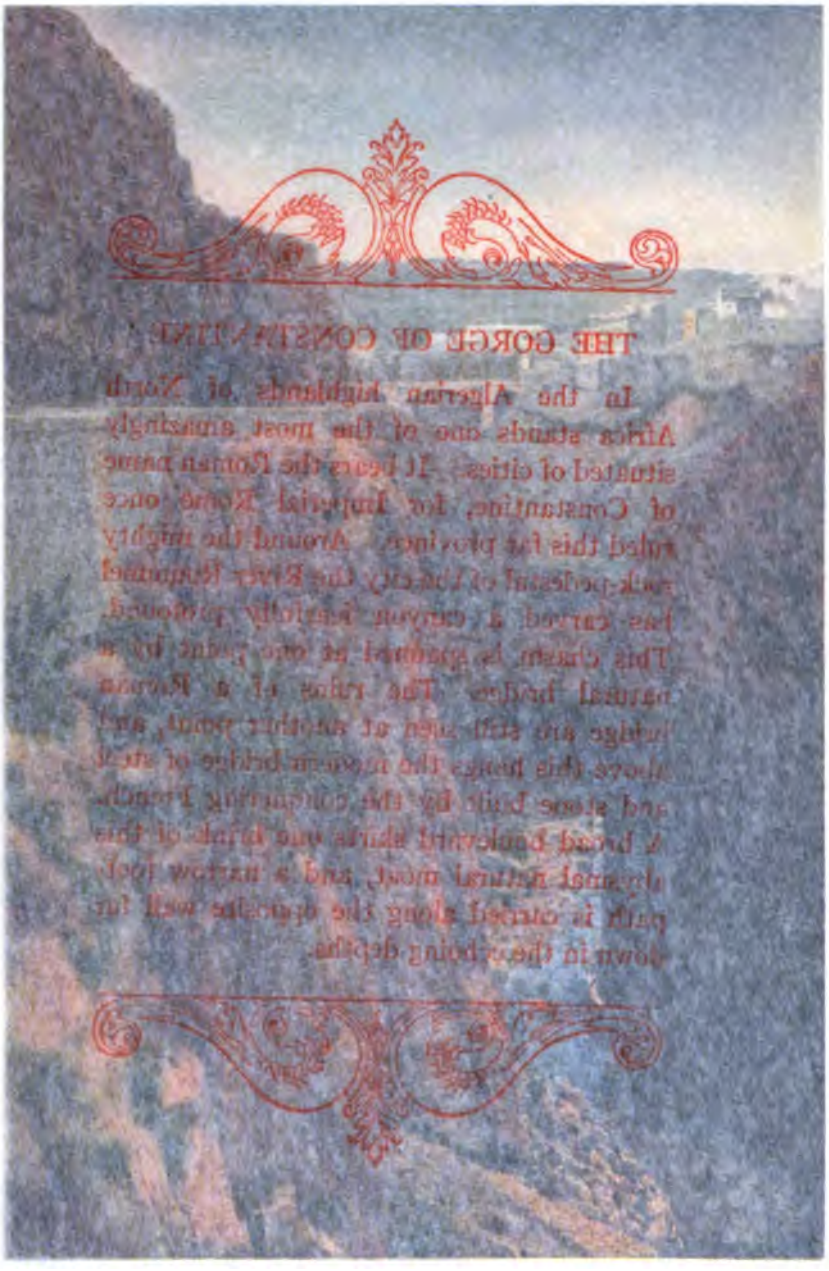

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VOLUME TWO

1918
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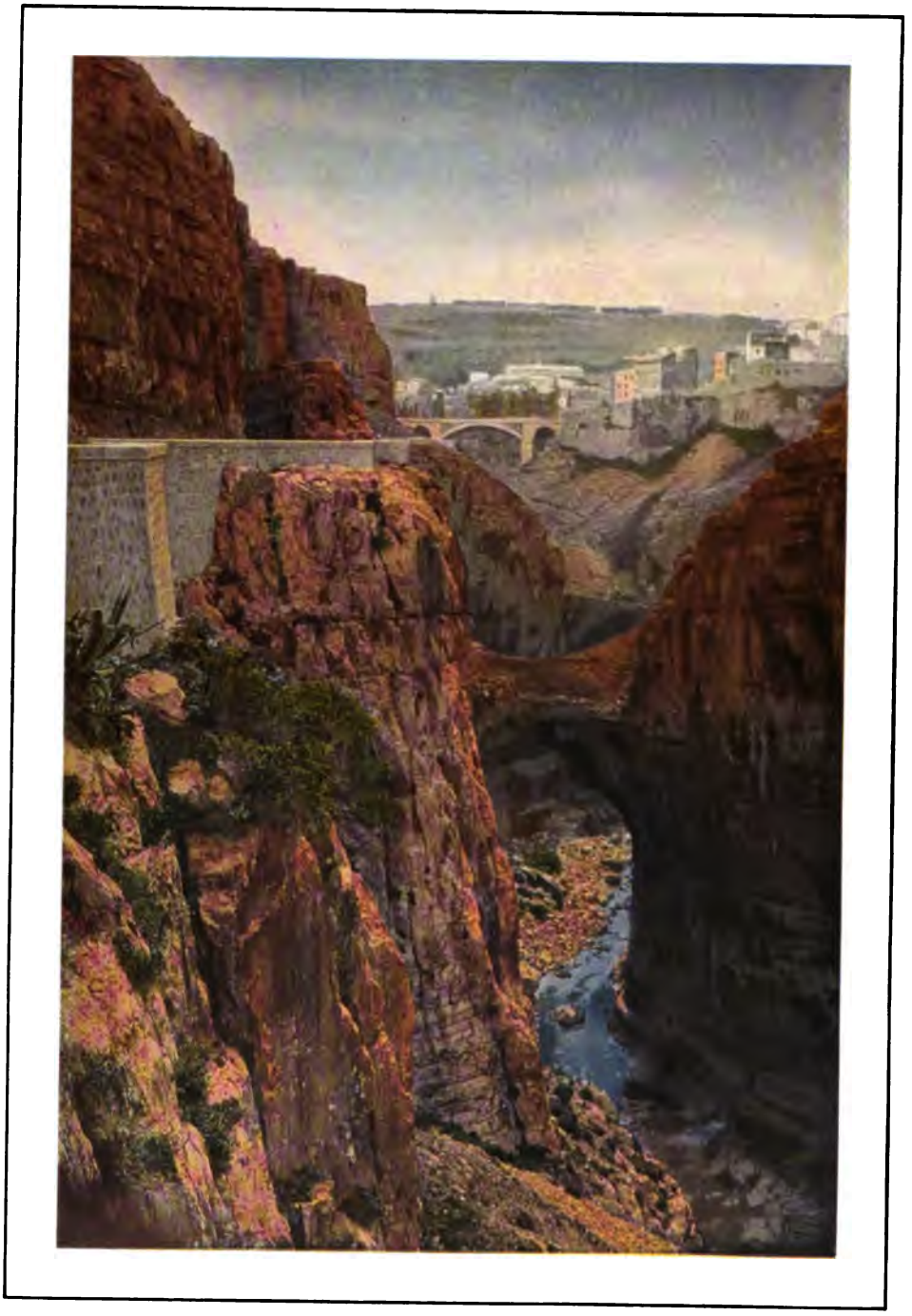

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THE GORGE OF CONSTANTINE

In the Algerian highlands of North Africa stands one of the most amazingly situated of cities. It bears the Roman name of Constantine, for Imperial Rome once ruled this far province. Around the mighty rock-pedestal of the city the River Roummel has carved a canyon fearfully profound. This chasm is spanned at one point by a natural bridge. The ruins of a Roman bridge are still seen at another point, and above this hangs the modern bridge of steel and stone built by the conquering French. A broad boulevard skirts one brink of this abysmal natural moat, and a narrow foot-path is carried along the opposite wall far down in the echoing depths.

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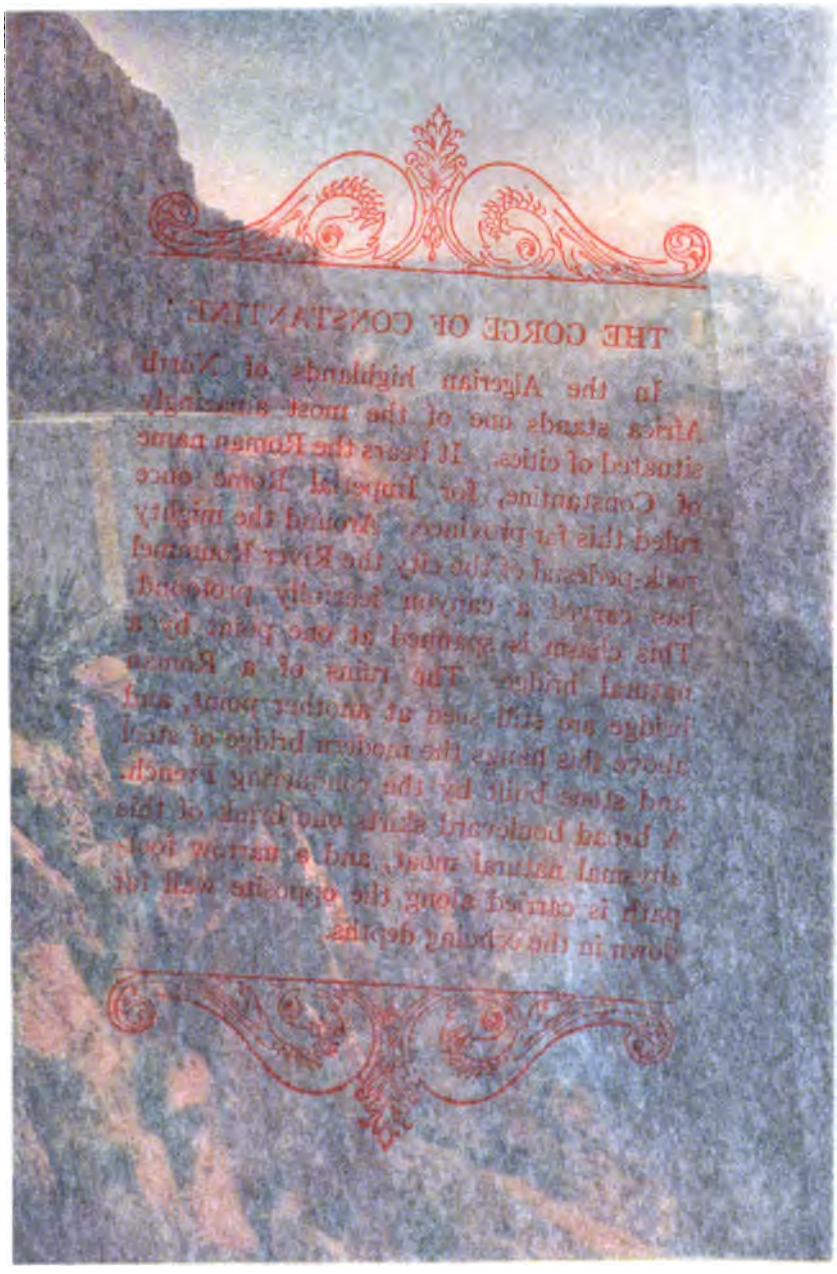

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CITIES OF THE BARBARY COAST

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Cities of the Barbary Coast

IN THE picture-book of Africa there are few pages more attractive than those devoted to Algeria—formerly the greatest of the pirate states of Barbary, to-day the chief colonial possession of the French republic.

A hundred years ago a visit to the Barbary Coast was an experience not to be desired by voyagers from Christian lands, who then came not as tourists with cameras and guide-books but as prisoners or slaves in manacles and chains.

Cities white in outward seeming but black in rascality and crime, then graced and at the same time disgraced the smiling southern shore of the Mediterranean Sea.

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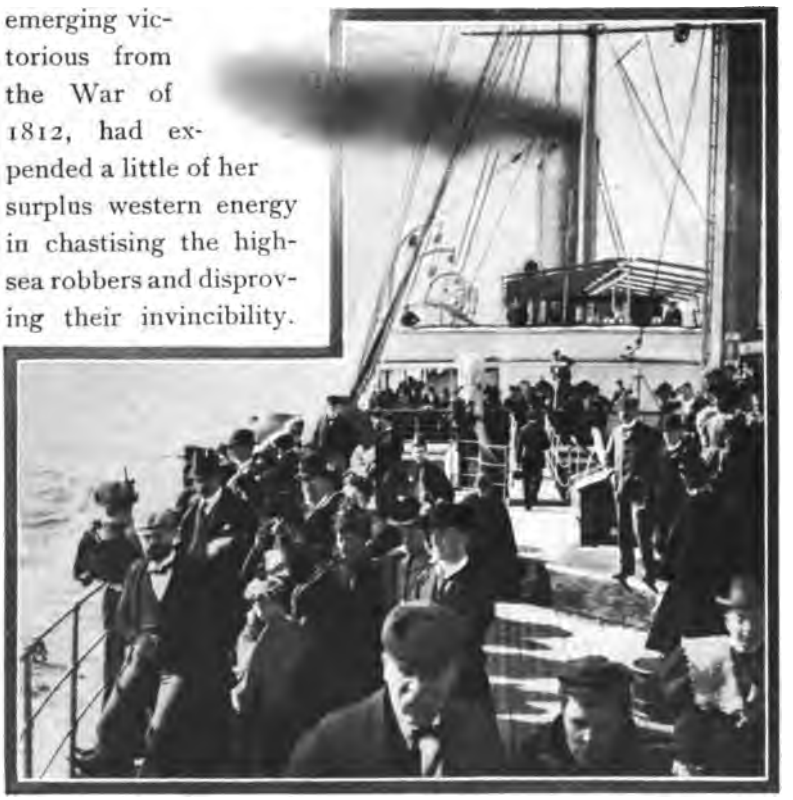
The various states of Barbary, Morocco, Tunis, Tripoli, and Algeria, ruled by lawless potentates, then exacted tribute from other governments both great and small.

The Corsair fleets of infamous memory then threatened the maritime commerce of the world, respecting only the ships that sailed under the flags of tribute-paying nations.

Algeria was the most arrogant of all these iniquitous principalities. For two hundred years she was virtually mistress of the Mediterranean, meriting well the epithet, the "Scourge of Christendom." Europe shamefully acknowledged her supremacy and took no effective steps to crush the common enemy until the then young American republic, emerging victorious from the War of 1812, had expended a little of her surplus western energy in chastising the high-sea robbers and disproving their invincibility.



NEARING THE STRAITS

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ALGIERS

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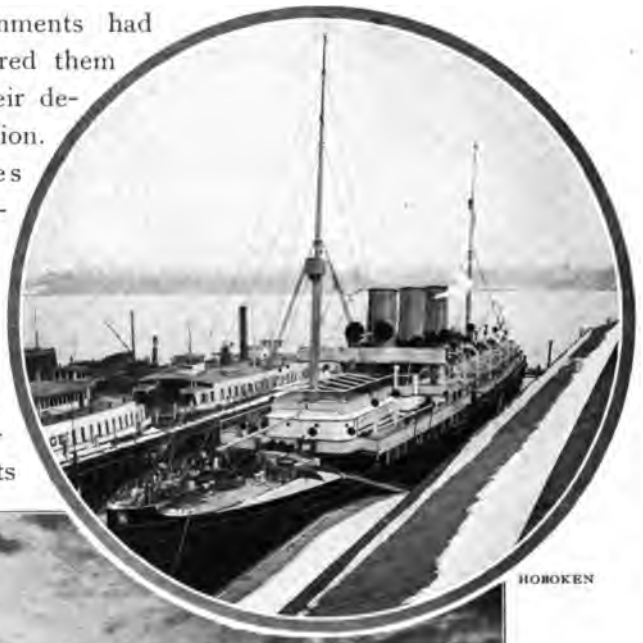
European governments had for a long time feared them and submitted to their demands without question. The United States questioned, and proceeded to prove to the world that the power of Algiers, founded upon cowardly tradition and upheld by the timidities and rivalries of its



HOBOKEN

MID-OCEAN

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victims, could be shattered by a few well-directed cannon-balls. England then administered a few sturdy strokes, and France in 1830 struck the final blow, annihilating pirate rule and transforming Algeria into a peaceful, law-abiding province.

The city of Algiers is now numbered among the most popular resorts of those happy folk who have both the time and the inclination to trot about the globe, seeking the beautiful, the curious, and the picturesque. The most direct route to the Barbary Coast is that followed by the steamers of the German Mediterranean service, sailing from a New Jersey town, the name of which is dear to globe-trotters, for Hoboken lies at the great gate-way to the world of

PASSING TARIFA

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THE HARBOR OF ALGIERS

travel. The voyage is delightful. A glimpse of the Azores, a smile from old Tangier, and a frown from Gibraltar as we pass the straits—then the blue calmness of the Mediterranean, and at last on the eleventh day a gracious sunny welcome from Algiers, the most beautiful city of North Africa. As our great ship slowly approaches the entrance to the harbor, there is unrolled before us a panorama of the city and the pretty suburbs perched on the slopes of neighboring hills. Far up to the right we see the church of "Our Lady of Africa." By slow degrees the city proper comes in view. Beyond the great stone breakwater we see a broad boulevard and the façades of elegant European structures, but behind this nineteenth-century mask rises the real Algiers, the Arab city, dazzling white, apparently cut from a block of spotless marble, while in reality its snowy brilliancy is due to

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oft-repeated applications of prosaic whitewash. Above that resplendent mass of houses formerly stood the citadel or kasbah of the much-dreaded Algerine deys, whose successful lawlessness was the cause that led the French to undertake the conquest of Algeria. No more do fleets of Corsairs set forth from Algiers' splendid harbor; no more do pirate chiefs return hither laden with booty of inestimable value and bringing scores of Christian captives doomed to lives of toil or to the slavery of Moorish harems. In three-score years and ten great changes have been wrought. The magnificent effect produced by the modern face of this much-altered city is owing to Anglo-Saxon enterprise. For it was an English syndicate that constructed the splendid quais of cut stone

A TERRACED TOWN

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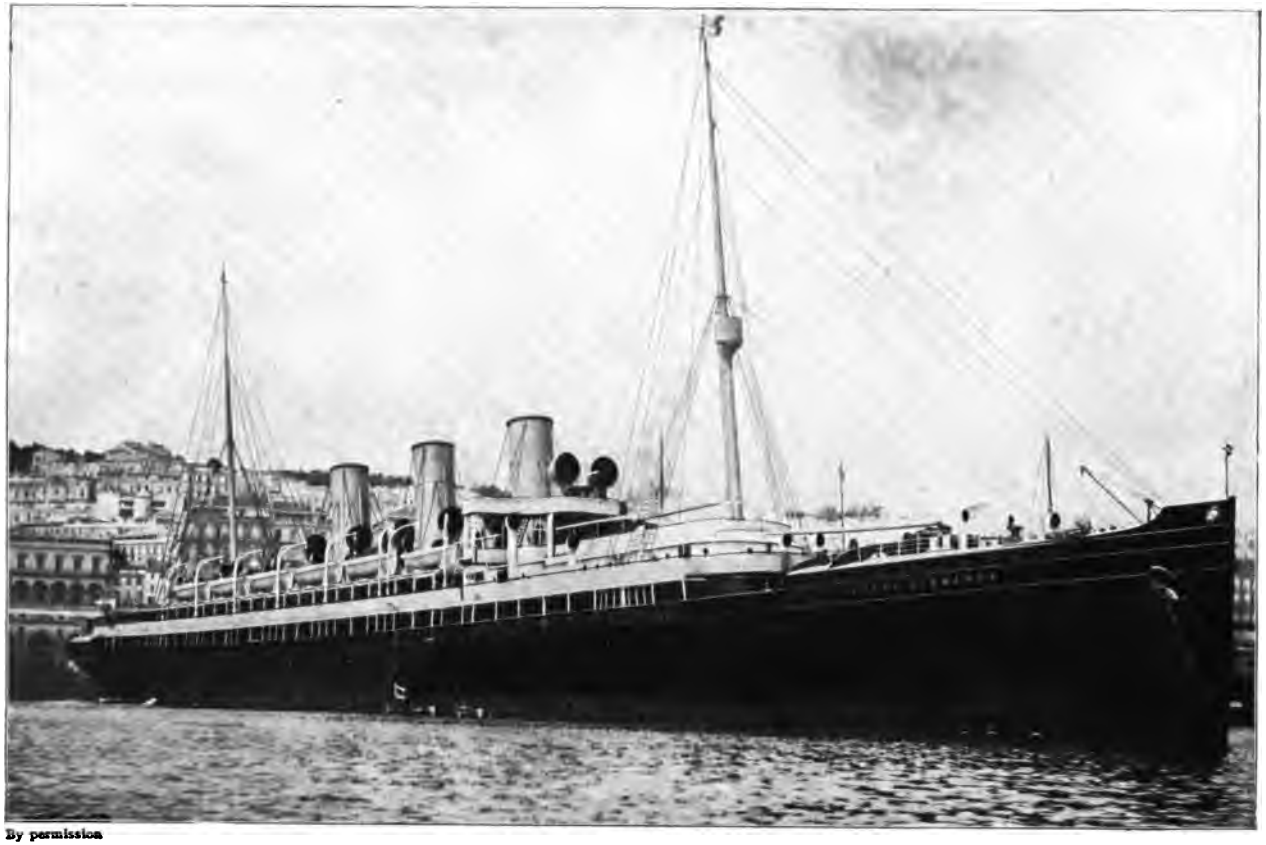

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THE FÜRST BISMARCK AT ALGIERS

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MOSQUES AND MERCHANDISE

and the superb terrace along which runs the Boulevard de la République. The terrace is supported by a series of graceful arches ; inclined roadways lead up from the quai level to the streets above. It is the syndicate also that owns that long row of handsome uniform structures, which, occupied as hotels, apartments, offices, and shops, give to the face of Algiers features so regular and modern. Beyond all this upon the eastern hills far to the left are the

MODERN BARBARY

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luxurious villas and hotels of Mustapha Supérieur, the most attractive suburb.

Arrival in the harbor recalls our gaze to more immediate surroundings. The New Mosque is the only feature in the foreground that tells us we are in the Orient, or more correctly, in an Oriental Occident, for Algiers we must remember is no farther east than Paris. The piles of merchandise on the wharves prove that commerce now flourishes as successfully as piracy thrived in former days.

With no misgivings we approach the pirate shore, confident in the assurance that the days of piracy are ended. We have, in accordance with the advice of the guide-book, made a firm bargain with the Arab boatmen for the transfer of our baggage from steamer to hotel; but before permitting us to land, one of the modern pirates, clad in what my friend termed "Midway trousers," intimates that if we wish ever to get our baggage from his boat, it would be well for us to give an extra franc or two to swell the Coffee Fund of the crew. No Moslem with any self-respect would demand a "*Pourboire*," for this word suggests indulgence in alcoholic liquors, forbidden

"MIDWAY TROUSERS"

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THE INCLINED APPROACH TO THE BOULEVARD

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by the Prophet's law. The coffee money being handed over, the boatmen quite leisurely pile our belongings on a little push-cart, and we hopefully prepare to ascend from the port to the city overhead. But again, the pirate spirit intervenes; our moving-contractors, encouraged by our weakness in yielding to their first demand for tribute, inform us that the contract with them is now and forever null and void; that the sum agreed to on board the ship is not the sum that they intend to accept. In vain we plead with them, exhorting them to mercy. They are as relentless with the Christian stranded on their shore as were their cut-throat ancestors, save that they find it more profitable to cut purse-strings than to sever jugular veins. This second attempt at extortion is as successful as the first, in spite of the presence of a French policeman whose sole idea of duty is to call the thieves "*canaille*"! and offer us his sympathy.

PAY, PAY, PAY!

IMPEDIMENTA

However, our troubles are now over. The men who have collected all the money disappear, leaving one poor perspiring Arab, who has received only a few pennies from them, to haul the heavily laden cart up the long inclined roadway from the landing-place to the level of the business quarter of Algiers. As we follow our belongings up the long zigzag roadways, we pass the arched habitations of the "Algerian Cliff Dwellers";

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for this cliff of masonry is not merely a monumental improvement intended to give dignity to the chief city of French Africa, it is a rent-producing construction. Within it are cavernous cellars, warerooms, storage vaults, and the offices of commission-merchants and shipping-agencies; and at the angle near the mosque a fish-market is held in huge halls of stone, damp and cool. Below on the broad quai

LIKE THE RUE DE RIVOLI

we see acres of merchandise, crowded warehouses, railway tracks, and loaded cars, all suggestive of a nineteenth century activity. The boulevard above is almost a reproduction of the Rue de Rivoli of Paris. The buildings are nearly uniform in height and in design. There are the usual rows of balconies, the sidewalks run beneath continuous arcades, the windows of the shops are dressed with French daintiness, the restaurants, inside and out, recall those of the gay

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TERRACE OF THE HOTEL ST. GEORGE

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metropolis; the language spoken is the same, and the people with the exception of the long robed Arabs have for their prototypes the continental Frenchman. So perfectly does this colonial city ape in its architecture and in the details of its daily life the most attractive of the world's great capitals that we involuntarily look for the Louvre, the Eiffel Tower, and the Seine. The Hotel de l' Europe is Parisian in its appointments. The *concierge*, the *garçon*, and the *femme de chambre* are of the usual Gallic type. At table d' hôte we realize that one of the greatest blessings of the French conquest is the fact that the French cook has followed the French soldier into Africa. The military chiefs did but prepare the way for the advent of one greater than themselves—the culinary chef. *Vive la cuisine Française.*

Our windows overlook on one side the Mediterranean, on the other the Place Bresson, a square green with palms, and surrounded by the buff and yellow

HOTEL DE L' EUROPE

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AN AFRICAN PARIS

buildings of the European quarter; of these the Theater is most conspicuous. But this is not the real Algiers. The Arab city is behind and above all this. That cascade of white roofs that seems to come tumbling from the sky, — that is the real Algiers or at least what is left of it. The old city was called by the Arabs, "El Jazaïr," "the peninsulas," a name from which the French have derived the modern name of Algér, a name which we in turn have corrupted into Algiers, a word quite unfamiliar to the natives. Formerly that white flood of roofs and terraces descended to the shore, but it has been forced back, and every year the French build their modern dikes higher and higher on the slopes. The white city contracts; the dull-hued structures of civilization creep steadily up-hill, and will in time entirely blot out the native quarter or reduce it to the commonplace.

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Impatient to explore the streets of both the new and the older city, we find ourselves an hour later on the Boulevard; but an attack on the part of a band of Barbary boot-blacks drives us into the neutral harbor of a popular café. Two of the corsairs, nothing daunted, pursue us even here, capture each a single foot, and proceed to apply tan polish to our shoes with as much vigor as their ancestors displayed less than a century ago in applying tan to the hides of our Christian forefathers when by ill chance they were thrown on these shores. The café, like all the others, is of the type familiar on the boulevards of Paris, and the aroma of absinthe that permeates the atmosphere proves unmistakably that the Algerian colonist has not lost the love for that unwholesome liquor of which the continental Frenchman is so passionately fond. In fact, so thoroughly Gallic appears this portion of the city that we can scarcely believe the histories that tell us that a little less than fourscore years ago piratical El Jazaïr was as thoroughly Arabic as are to-day Tripoli and Fez. Seventy years has sufficed to these energetic Frenchmen

DIVISION OF LABOR

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not only for the capture of the coast cities, the subjugation of the barbarous tribes of the mountains and the desert, but in that short space of time they have built cities of European aspect, extended everywhere magnificent roads marvelously engineered, and created a railway system which, although still incomplete, traverses the province from Tunis to the frontier of Morocco, and extends three long branches far southward toward the Sudan, Timbuktu, and Senegal.

THE THEATER

The people have gained much through the change in government. Under the French the native enjoys rights and privileges of which he never even dreamed when deys and beys and pashas, appointed by the Turkish sultan or raised to supreme authority by the power of the local troops or Janizaries, ruled and mercilessly robbed him. The poor Arab owes a debt of gratitude to the last of those tyrant deys, the potentate who, after misruling the land for many years, became unintentionally instrumental in bringing on the war which assured his own destruction and the welfare of his

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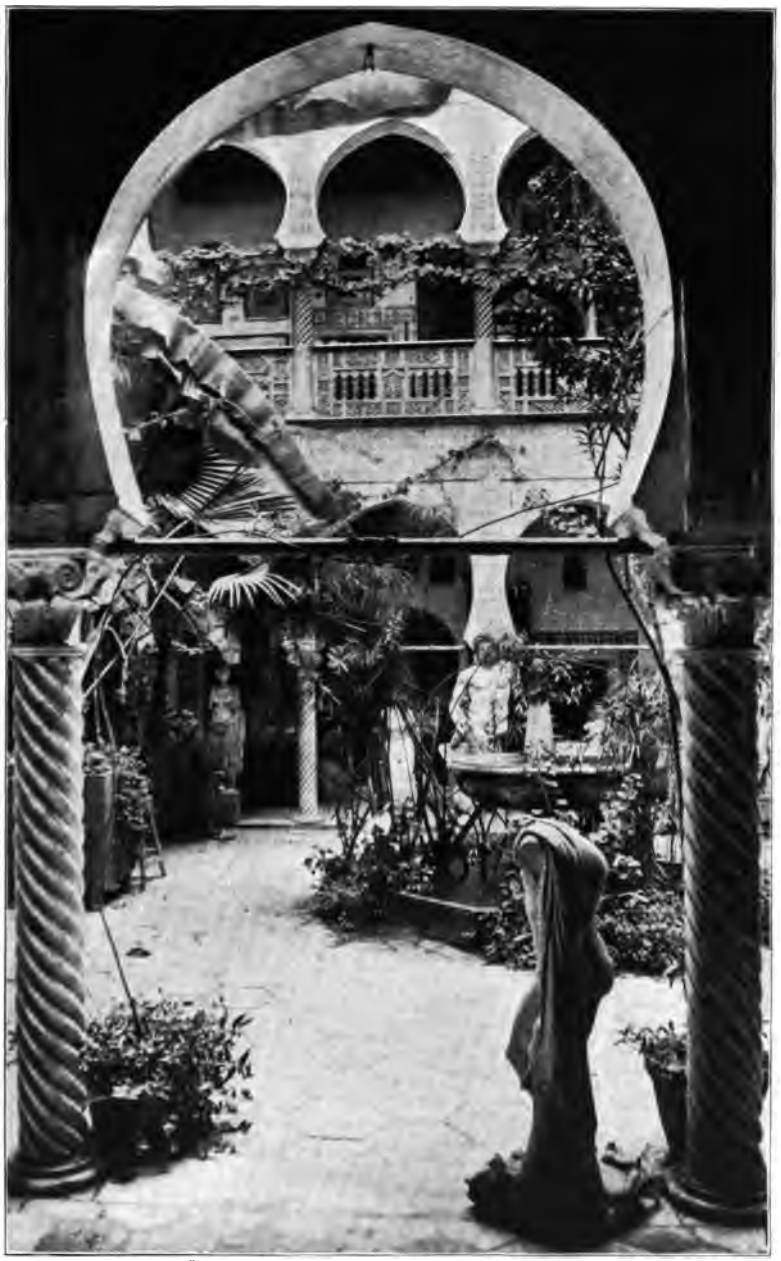

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THE MUSEUM OF ALGIERS

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people. He struck the French consul across the face with a fan during an angry interview, thus precipitating the war of conquest for which France had long been waiting an adequate excuse. And while we wander through the streets and across the squares of modern Algiers and up into the narrow byways of the native quarter, let us review the story of the Barbary corsairs from the time when they first became for-

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ALGIERS FROM THE KASBAH

midable in the sixteenth century down to that day in 1830 when their ruler administered that fatal slap to the representative of France, a nation at that time prepared and eager to attack the scourge of Christendom. The Arabs, as we know, invaded Africa and penetrated into Spain in the eighth century. In the fifteenth century the Saracens were thrust

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back from Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella. Burning with hatred of their conquerors they established all along the northern shore of Africa a chain of pirate cities. Their one object in life became revenge. Europe had cast them forth, the fleets of Europe should therefore be their spoil ; the fruits of piracy support them in their exile. The first leader to bring Algiers prominently forward as a pirate power was the renegade Greek, Barbarossa, who called himself the " Friend of the Sea and the Enemy of all who sail upon it." The sailors and passengers upon the captured ships were sold as slaves in the Algerian market-places. No less a personage than Cervantes, author of " Don Quixote " was here sold at the block in 1575. He served five years in the house of a cruel Moslem master, and had he not escaped, we should never have known the lanky Knight of La Mancha nor laughed at Sancho Panza's jests. But fortunately he did escape and lived to write his famous work in which he says, referring to the Turkish viceroy who ruled Algiers at the time of his captivity, "Every day he hanged a slave, impaled one,

THE PALACE OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL

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NOTRE DAME D'AFRIQUE

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cut off the ears of another, and this upon so little animus or so entirely without cause that the Turks would own that he did it for the sake of doing it and because it was his nature."

The carvings of wood and stone in the old palaces are the work of Christian slaves, of whom there were at one time no fewer than twenty-five thousand held in the city of Algiers alone. Many Christian priests voluntarily gave themselves up to the pirates and became slaves that they might minister the comforts of religion to the miserable captives.

PLACE DU GOUVERNEMENT

The price of slaves was quoted daily in the market-place; "Christian dogs are very cheap to-day," would be the word passed from mouth to mouth on the arrival of a corsair fleet with its convoy of captured merchant-men. Then Arab chiefs, with faces of dark bronze, or negroes, raised to wealth and influence by their courage or their villainy, would assemble to make bids for the human merchandise which was not always common stuff. Records tell of hundreds of gentlemen, —

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doctors, lawyers, or scholars, of France or Spain or England who were knocked down to the highest bidder; their wives, refined and delicate women, were torn from them and sold to brutal masters; children were separated from their parents and educated in the religion of these robber lords. One captive out of every eight was allotted to the dey, a ruler who invariably owed his position to the soldiery, and who almost invariably was doomed to perish by poison or the bowstring when some other leader should arise to win the support and favor of the fickle Janizaries, the veritable rulers of the land. One of these deys confessed to a foreign consul who upbraided him, "The Algerines are a company of rogues"; and he added proudly, "And I am their captain."

The pirates at one time grew so bold that they threatened to go to Great Britain and drag men out of their beds. Nor

DREAMING OF THE PAST

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THE NEW MOSQUE

was this an idle threat. In 1631 they sacked the town of Baltimore in County Cork and carried off more than two hundred Irishmen. Ten years later, sixty men were taken from the shores of England near Penzance. The fishermen of Plymouth, Exeter, and Dartmouth for a long time after dared not to put to sea. It is even stated that the Algerine fleet on one occasion ravaged the shores of Iceland in the Arctic Sea. But we must not forget that in spite of the cowardice of the European governments in diplomatic dealings with this actual kingdom

OCCIDENT AND ORIENT

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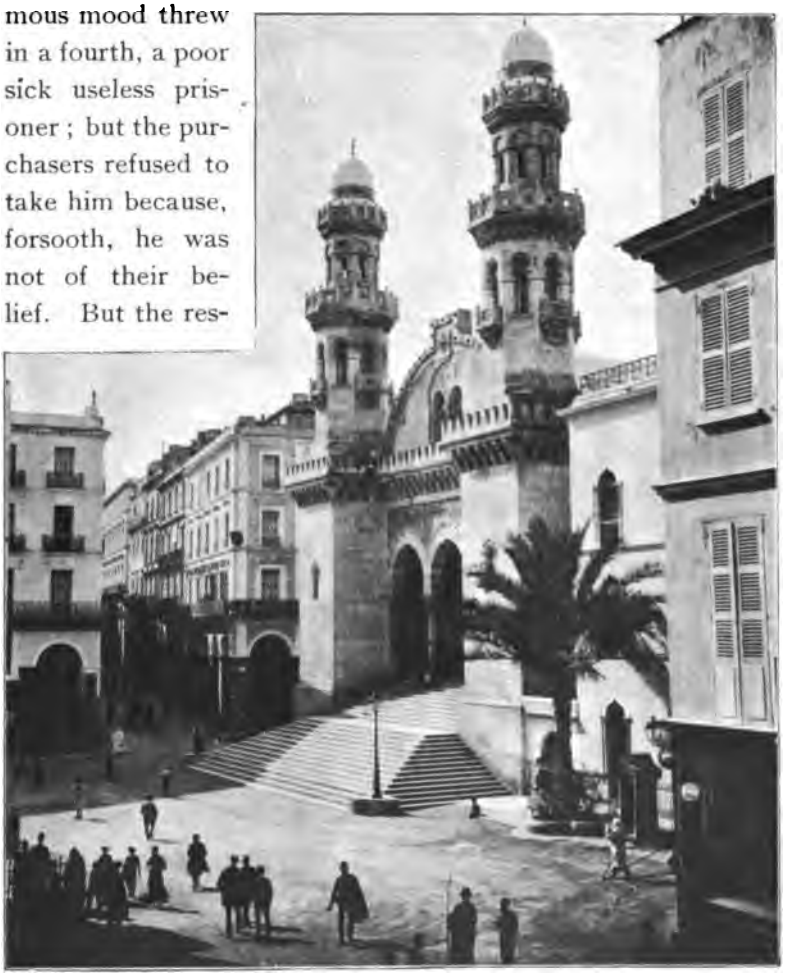
of robbers, many brave, generous efforts were made by private persons and corporations to effect the rescue of these Christian slaves or to redeem them by the payment of a ransom — but narrow-mindedness frequently controlled the action of the redemptionists as is proved by the following incident: —

A group of missionaries purchased the liberty of three slaves for a good round price — the dey being in a magnanimous mood threw in a fourth, a poor sick useless prisoner; but the purchasers refused to take him because, forsooth, he was not of their belief. But the res-



CHRISTIAN MINARETS

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cued ones were few in number as compared to those who, abandoned by their cowardly governments, remained as slaves to the haughty Algerines. But cruel and inhuman as they were, the Barbary corsairs were never mere barbarians Nor were the cruelties and inhumanities practiced by them upon their prisoners greater than those inflicted in contemporary times by Christian governments or even by the church itself in the days of the Inquisition. The Saracens held no monopoly of the rack, the fetid dungeon, the torture-chamber, and the stake. But they were Mohammedans, therefore their deeds excited greater indignation. Yet the oft-threatened punishment was not administered. The powers of Europe could in those days no more agree to act in concert than they can at the present time.

For more than two hundred years the Algerines exacted tribute money from the greatest nations of the world, and this in spite of the fact that their whole naval force was not equal to that of any one of the fourth-rate powers.

WHERE BELIEVERS SLEEP

Algiers declared that she was sovereign of all the Mediterranean, and that no nation could navigate that sea in safety until immunity from attack had been purchased. The treaty signed with France in 1788 called for the payment of a

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million francs a year, rich presents every ten years, and a large amount of cash paid down. Spain's temporary peace with the pirate power cost her five million dollars. England paid almost three hundred thousand dollars every year. She was, it is true, strong enough to have put down the pirates, but apparently she preferred to support them as destroyers of

WHITEWASH AND SUNSHINE

the commerce of her rival nations, and paid a large, shameful tribute in order to keep the price of immunity above the reach of the lesser states of Europe.

The following clause reads strangely in the treaty with the mighty British nation: "Liberty is granted to the Algerines to search British vessels and to take out all persons and

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IN OLD ALGIERS

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goods not belonging to the British nation." Year after year the Algerines still maintained their right to search all ships encountered on the seas; those furnished with passes from tribute-paying nations were permitted to go upon their way; the others were regarded as the legal prey of the Algerian government. To our shame it must be confessed that up to the year 1800, the United States also had poured more than two million dollars of tribute money into the coffers of the dey. In that year Captain Bainbridge, in a United States warship, came to Algiers bringing the customary "presents." The dey commanded him to become his messenger and carry his despatches to Constantinople. "The English, French, and Spanish captains have always done this service for me; you also pay me tribute, and you also are my slaves." And the captain, not daring to take action without orders, was forced to swallow the insult and obey the insolent command. But when the War of 1812 had been brought to a successful termination, there came a change in the attitude of our government, and it is to our credit that the then youngest of the great nations of the world, the United States of America, was

LA BELLE FATIMA

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the first of all the nations of the world to defy the dey and refuse to cringe before him. "Millions for defense but not one cent for tribute" became the cry of an indignant people. It was in 1815 that Commodore Decatur served notice on the dey that we would not under any circumstance further furnish any more money for filling his fathomless pocket. The dey suggested that he would take instead some powder for his fleet. "The powder you shall have if you insist," replied Decatur, "but the balls go with it." And for the first time in his life the dey refused a proffered present. A few months later the Algerines having committed more depredations on our shipping, the Commodore insisted upon presenting them with a good round of tribute in the form of cannon-balls. He captured the largest frigate of the pirate fleet and threatened the city itself. The dey, terrified, sued for peace, and on the deck of Decatur's gallant ship he signed a treaty vastly different from the treaties that his predecessors had been wont to make with Christian powers. By the terms of this treaty he was bound to release all Americans held as slaves, pay an indemnity, and renounce all claim to future tribute. One year later, 1816, the English fleet sailed into the harbor of Algiers

TO THE MEMORY OF
THOSE WHO HAVE PERISHED AT SEA

The abolition of Christian slavery was demanded. The dey insultingly declined to obey, whereupon the English made

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PLASTER CAST OF SAINT GERONIMO

(An Arab convert to Christianity who was entombed alive in a wall of cement by the Mohammedan authorities)

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fast their ships to the breakwater, and proceeded in a cool, dogged, British fashion to demolish Algiers. At the first broadside five hundred people were struck down in the streets; and when Lord Exmouth sailed away, one half the houses in the city were in ruins, and the entire pirate navy was destroyed. From that day Christian slavery ceased to exist. The Christian nations regained their self-respect. But the scourge of Christendom was only scotched not killed. The death-blow was withheld for fourteen years. The hand of France had long been raised to strike it, when at last, in 1830, on the 13th of June, the ruling dey of Algiers, losing his temper, tapped the French consul insolently in the face and brought down upon himself and all his rascally crew a counter-blow, struck by a sea and land force of over forty thousand Frenchmen, — a blow that crushed forever this nest of piracy and gave to the conquering nation a beautiful city and a province half as large as France. This blow was struck, appropriately, on the 4th day of July.

Since then the French have been performing miracles of progress, and to-day Algiers stands as the chief city of the French colonial world. It is also one of the most popular of the many winter resorts bordering

THE HOTEL SPLENDIDE

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upon the Mediterranean. The suburbs are especially attractive. They are the haunt of tourists and health-seekers.

From the slopes of Mustapha Supérieur a number of excellent hotels dominate a lovely prospect. Algiers itself lies gleaming in the distance. A band of green marks the line of landward fortifications. Then begins the amphitheater formed by the heights of Mustapha. The lower part, the pit, as it were, is occupied by factories and barracks; above in the dress circle are seated in luxuriant gardens villas and pensions; and, higher still, perched in the most commanding situations, there are magnificent caravansaries equal to the best that can be found on the Riviera. A charming climate renders out-of-door life delightful, and the hotels provide attractive terraces and gardens where the

THE HAUNT OF THE HEALTH-SEEKER

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TOMB OF SAINT AUGUSTINE AT BONA

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A HOTEL TERRACE

idler or the convalescent may find the truth of that Italian saying, — *Che dolce far niente*. It is indeed sweet to do nothing at Mustapha Supérieur. To establish oneself amid the fair surroundings of that suburb is death to energy ; ambition to see sights and visit mosques and palaces is crushed definitely, and there ensues a spell of lotus-eating, which will be recalled as among the most delightful features of our journey. To lovers of social gaieties who bring the proper introductions, the villas of English and American winter residents open their hospitable doors. The delights of five o'clocks, high teas, and dancing parties are enhanced a thousandfold by an ideal environment.

The villas are usually Moorish in design, though occupied by foreigners. The Moors themselves do not now build dainty palaces as in the olden days. It has remained for European taste and wealth to create here on the shore of

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A VILLA AT MUSTAPHA SUPÉRIEUR

Africa these tiny Alhambras containing all that is best in Moorish art combined with all the comforts of our century. And the gardens, in the midst of which these architectural gems are set, are beautiful beyond description. They are miniature Edens, conjured into existence by the magic of a southern sun. But we must leave all this.

The city of Algiers, delightful as it is, will not satisfy the traveler who has come to see the province of Algeria. Railways have brought even the remote corners of the land within the reach of those who do not fear the discomforts of slow trains. We may go westward toward the thriving

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A STREET IN TLEMCEN

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port of Oran, halting at Hammam Rirha, where a huge hotel has been built to accommodate the prospective visitors to the hot springs of the region. Our destination, however, is not Oran, which is a modern and uninteresting town, but Tlemçen, once the proud capital of a Moorish kingdom, a rival to the kingdoms of Fez and of Granada.

But even Tlemçen already shows the impress of her French masters, and her structures form a motley ensemble of crude and semi-European buildings, with here and there the remains of a Moorish arch, or a fragment of Arabic tracery. Splendid, indeed, must have been the Tlemçen of the Middle Ages, when within her walls there lived a population of a hundred thousand. One of the daintiest bits of old Tlemçen may be found in all its picturesque decay near the

CONVALESCENT

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Mosque of Sidi Bou Medine, not far from the Tlemçen of to-day. We make our way across vacant fields, once the site of a capital renowned for luxury and learning, to the tiny hamlet where, through many wars and conquests, has been preserved much of the grace and beauty of the old Arabic art and architecture. Arabic in more than architecture is that little detached quarter. It boasts the virtue of numbering not a single unbeliever among its inhabitants, while buried in its mosque are many saints of Islam, and in its ruined college the Koran is taught by an aged taleeb. Few know the history of Tlemçen, yet it is a subject worthy the song of an epic poet. Arabic historians tell us that proud Tlemçen had already undergone many sieges and assaults when Mulai Yakub, sultan of Fez, came to avenge a fancied wrong and to assert his power. He came prepared to achieve her conquest, cost what it might. His plan was most ambitious, including as it did the founding of a new city close at hand, where he and his court, his army and his people, might dwell in luxury while carrying on the

HOTEL AT HAMMAM RIRHA

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A SUBURB OF TLEMÇEN

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siege which he foresaw would be a lengthy one. That the city, which he created and named Mansoura, was no mere warrior camp, is visibly proved by the massive walls which still remain. Within their confines, mosques, palaces, and dwellings sprang up as if by magic until Mansoura, the besieging camp, rivaled in splendor and in size the closely invested but valiantly defended Tlemçen. As the walls of the towering minaret of Mansoura have outlived the glory of the city over which it watched in other days, so did the struggle for the possession of Tlemçen outlive the man who gave it birth,—outlive his son,—both being poisoned by their servitors; and as the minaret is now falling a prey to time, so did time end that mighty struggle by wearying the combatants on both sides. Strange destiny. Tlemçen vowed to destruction exists to-day, infused with new life, while Mansoura the haughty, sacked and pillaged after the departure of the Moorish hosts, has seen her two hundred and fifty deserted acres planted with vines by later generations of her enemies, her walls and towers broken by the weight of years.

ORIENTAL ART AND OCCIDENTAL COMFORT

The minaret of Mansoura, a huge square tower nearly a hundred and fifty feet in height, appears intact from one

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AN AFRICAN ACCOMMODATION

point of view, while from another it is apparently in ruins. We are assured that this condition of partial decay proves the enduring worth of the labor of the Prophet's followers and its superiority over that of unbelievers ; for the walls that have crumbled and fallen were built by Christian slaves and Jews, while the walls reared by Moslem masons have successfully resisted the attacks of time.

Turning from Tlemçen and its souvenirs of the dead

THE ALGERIAN EXPRESS

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Photograph by Neurdein Frères

WALLS OF MANSOURA, NEAR TLEMÇEN

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WHAT IS THE ARABIC WORD FOR "RUBBER"?

past, we journey eastward by rail, crossing a fertile region where the prosperous farms of the French colonists tell of an active present and a hopeful future.

Through the kindness of a friend we were invited to visit the estate of a French gentleman, son of a pioneer in this new land. Arriving at the gateway of a fortress-like residence far from the railway line, we find the entire family arrayed to give us a welcome. Although our host is French, our hostess is an English woman, who is thoroughly in sympathy with her husband in his brave attempt to found a Christian home in this still savage region. This home they call the "Ferme St. Jean." The various buildings open only on the inner court-yard, presenting to the outer world formidable walls pierced here and there by a loophole or a narrow window. Every farmer is or has been a soldier, and every farm-house may on short notice be converted into a military stronghold. The days of Arab outbreaks are of too recent date to warrant the erection of dainty isolated houses. We visit the wine- and olive-presses, the stables, granaries, and gardens of "St. John's Farm." The colonist's life is not by any means a lazy one. Every morning our host is early in the saddle, galloping away, first to direct the work of Arab laborers in

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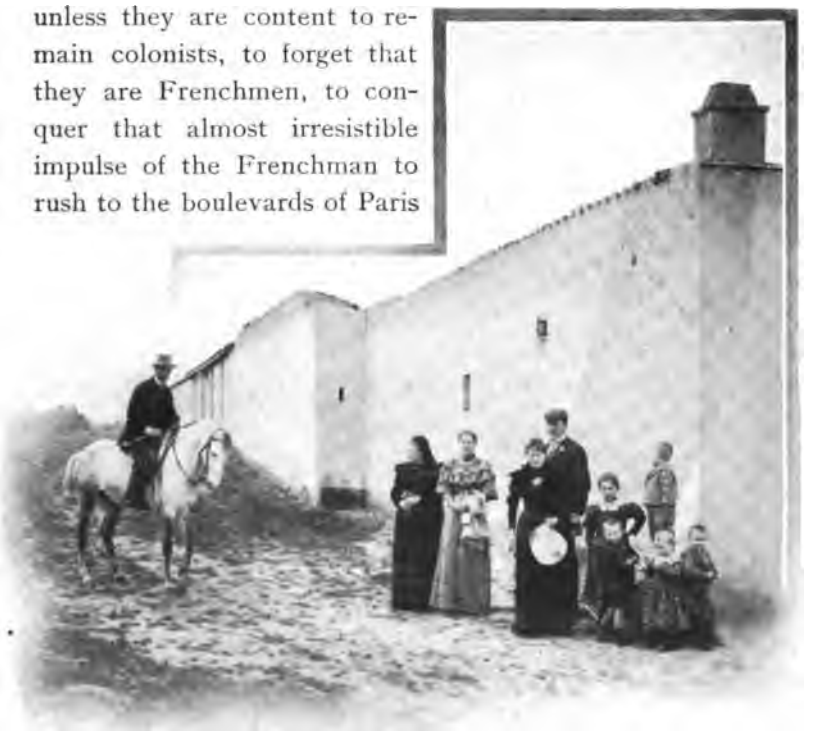
the distant fields, then to the neighboring town to transact important business, — the sale of wine, the purchase of machinery or supplies. "I shall rest," he said, "when I am old. You see," he added, pointing to his little army of tow-headed and lusty Anglo-Saxo-Franco-Algerians, "there'll be no lack of young Duloupys to manage my affairs when I shall have earned my right to leisure." We could but admit that there was every prospect that the farm would not pass out of the family. With their mother's British pluck, their father's French cleverness, and the knowledge that to them and to their generation the world looks for the building of New France and for the perpetuation of an enlightened government upon the shores of the Dark Continent, what may these youngsters not accomplish in the cause of liberty and progress? They may indeed accomplish much, but not unless they are content to remain colonists, to forget that they are Frenchmen, to conquer that almost irresistible impulse of the Frenchman to rush to the boulevards of Paris



A FORTRESS-LIKE RESIDENCE

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THE MANSOURA TOWER, TLEMCEN

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WELCOME

as soon as he has gained a small competency. If the French colonist would invent a word for *home*, and apply it with all his heart to this land he has conquered and has adopted; if he would resolve to live and die as an Algerian and in Algeria, and to do his work and conduct his affairs in this intent, the government would not find every year that awful deficit in Algerian finances.

France has given freely of her blood and of her gold to win this province for her children. She has established her dominion from the borders of Tripoli to the borders of Morocco and from the Mediterranean to the Sahara. She has created means of communication in the desert, and through the wild mountainous regions; she has prepared the fields for the laborers, but the laborers come only in small numbers or come with the hope of a speedy return to France as their chief preoccupation. The future prosperity of Algeria is problematical. As an investment French Algeria is a gigantic failure. As a proof of the wonderful administrative genius of the French, Algeria is a success. As a training ground for the armies of the future, Algeria is invalu-

AT ST. JOHN'S FARM

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able to France. This little glimpse of the New African France has increased our desire to know what this land was like before the coming of the Gaul, and we ask, "What of the original inhabitants of Barbary? What of the people who dwelt in the land even before the Romans, the Vandals, or the Arabs had swept over it? What of the people found already on the scene at the dawn of history? Have they been exterminated by successive conquests?" Let me in reply conduct you into a mountain region called Kabylia, where we shall find our answer. The Kabyle Mountains lie about seventy miles east of the city of Algiers.

ANGLO-SAXO-FRANCO-ALGERIANS

KABYLIA

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Photograph by Neurdein Freres

NEAR TLEMÇEN

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A VILLAGE ON EVERY HILL-TOP

The railway brings us to the foothills—to Tizi-Ouzou, whence we proceed by diligence. Our destination is Fort National, a military outpost of the French, perched on a ridge seemingly inaccessible; and while our coach, clumsy, shaky, and dilapidated slowly creaks on its complaining way over the mountain road, the driver tells us the strange names of the Kabyle villages that crown every mountain-top in

FORT NATIONAL

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sight. The fertile slopes are given to the culture of the olive and the fig. Peaceful indeed is the scene, and delightful our slow ascent. We almost forget the blood that has been shed by France in penetrating this region to establish yonder post, and the hopelessly heroic defense of the brave Berber Kabyles, who from their mountain villages bore

TOWN AND BARRACKS — FORT NATIONAL

down upon the invaders and fought with a courage and determination born of the proud consciousness that never in the history of Barbary had their land been violated by a foreign foe. Roman, Vandal, and Arab had alike recoiled before the assault of these hardy mountaineers. But what all former invaders had failed to do, the French in 1857

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DEPARTURE FROM FORT NATIONAL

finally accomplished, and by means of the construction of Fort National they hope to maintain their influence, although they can never subdue in spirit the vanquished Kabyle race. Peace — for the present — reigns.

Within the walled confines of the post a little city has arisen with its churches, cafés, hotels, and promenades. This little city is

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EASTER MORNING IN KABYLIA

inhabited by about three hundred French civilians and a large garrison. It was the evening before Easter that I arrived at this *Hôtel des Touristes*, having ascended from the valleys in a stage-coach so crowded that the only place available for me was in an Arab's lap.

Easter Sunday dawned gloriously fair, and at an early hour we mounted our mules for an expedition or rather a plunge into Kabylia. Where could we have found a more inspiring temple in which to worship that Easter morning? What grander altar than the snow-capped chain

EASTER GREETINGS

of the Djurdjura Atlas, that like a reredos of gleaming marble lifts its imposing mass against the azure dome of heaven! Morning vapors rise like clouds of incense to envelop it. Like a great choir-screen, a range of lesser mountains — dark and green — is extended between us and that inviolable altar. Upon their crests we may discern in delicate relief the five superbly situated villages of the famous Kabyle tribe, the Beni Yenni. The object of our day's excursion is to reach those distant crests, and to attain them we must plunge into the depths of the intervening valleys, and, crossing a turbulent river, climb the precipitous flank

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HILLS AND MOUNTAINS OF KABYLIA

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of the opposing ridge. As we descend a rocky pathway, verdure lined, we see above us other villages that mysteriously appear, and a moment later vanish, as our downward zigzag progress reveals new vistas. We have turned aside from the highroad constructed by the French and find ourselves upon the narrow mule-trails worn by centuries of use. In addition to these trails there is a network of by-paths, short cuts from trail to trail. Along these dizzy paths

WOMEN OF THE BENI YENNI

we see the Kabyle children dashing recklessly; yet, educated as they are upon the mountain-tops, they know no fear and would feel out of place on level ground. Not less sure-footed are the women of the tribe, those picturesque Rebeccas whom we find at every well,—the task of carrying water being woman's privilege while the men reserve the right of doing all the sewing. Unlike her Moorish sisters of the cities, the Kabyle wife does not conceal her face, but, though

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enjoying greater apparent freedom, she is none the less her husband's slave. The marriage customs of the Kabyles are brutally mercenary. The father bargains with the prospective son-in-law as to the price at which the daughter shall be sold, the sum varying from fifty to a thousand francs, according to the beauty of the girl; then after certain feastings and festivities, in which the poor maiden does not participate, she is delivered at the house of her future lord, who, drawing his knife, presses its point upon her head, that she may know that he is to be the master, she the slave. Remembering these things, pity is mingled with our admiration for the girlish beauty of these mountain maidens, a beauty undoubt-

MERRY LITTLE MOUNTAIN MAIDS

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edly inherited from European ancestors, for scholars tell us that into Kabylia has drifted the débris of many a Greek and Roman colony. Happy in the ignorance of what the future has in store for them, these pretty little savages greet us with such merry demands for pennies that our store of coppers quickly melts away in the sunshine of their smiles. Perhaps the little one who gazes so frankly at us with her fine big eyes is already sold. She may be destined to abuse and neglect; years of hard labor are her certain lot, and possibly, when she shall have lost her youthful charm, her husband, with the sanction of the Kabyle law, will divorce her by uttering a simple formula that instantly unties the marriage knot.

The law, however, permits her to remarry after a certain lapse of time, the most curious part of the situation being that if she does remarry and her father receives a second sum

SLOW FREIGHT

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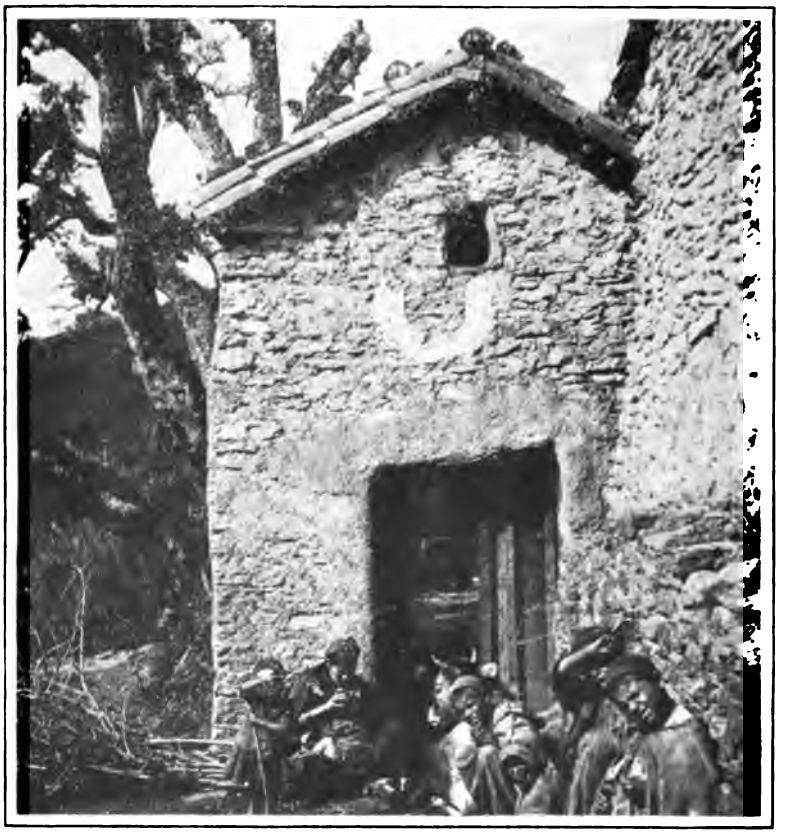
of purchase money, husband No. 1 may intervene and demand a refunding of his original investment. Strangely enough, a man may not remarry his own divorced widow, even if he be so disposed, until she has been married to a second husband and for a second time divorced. Upon such remarriage with husband No. 1, the father of the bride may again make demand for the payment of the price, doubtless a lower one than that first paid, the son-in-law being looked upon as a wholesale customer, and the wife, in all probability, having gained nothing in beauty with the march of time. But happy is the wife who, as the mother of a lusty



COWS ARE TREATED LIKE MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY

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IN THE VILLAGE STREETS

Kabyle boy, is assured the favor of her lord and master and the right to wear upon her brow in token of the fact, that curious bit of jewelry, a silver disk adorned with bits of coral and enamel. We saw comparatively few of them.

The complexions of the women have suffered from the ravages of time and of the tattooer, and their

A MOTHER

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BARGAINING FOR BRACELETS

ideas of dressmaking are certainly rudimentary. A single piece of goods, several yards in length, is draped about the form, and tucked and folded and pinned until it takes on the semblance of a gown, which, though simple, is not inartistic. Poverty tempts one of the matrons to sell me the jewel upon her forehead. This transaction creates a stir in the village, and in less time than it takes to tell it, we are surrounded by a crowd of importuning husbands, all madly endeavoring to dispose, at a handsome profit, of the finery of their timidly complaining wives.

LOOKING ON

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Silver bracelets, anklets, brooches, coral-studded ornaments for head and neck, old coins that have been lying hidden for decades—all these and a hundred other strange and curious belongings are offered to us at prices that show a flattering opinion of our pecuniary standing. Like all semi-barbarous people the Kabyles are possessed of an innate love for gaudy personal adornment, and no family is so poor but that on festal days its members may appear in public loaded with jewels that in kaleidoscopic effect are certainly the most remarkable that we have ever seen.

"I SAW YOU, SIR, ON THE MIDWAY"

They care not that mere coral takes the place of rubies; that base metal replaces silver, and that much of the enamel is little better than mere paint. What they are after is the effect, and more effective jewelry is seldom seen. We bought a generous quantity.

Imagine my surprise upon being accosted in one of these villages by a smiling Kabyle, who exclaimed with a distinctly

AMONG THE BENI YENNI

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American accent, "Ah, there, mister! I saw you, sir, on the Midway." The speaker had spent six months in Chicago selling Kabyle jewelry at the World's Fair. Members

By Permission KABYLE SCHOOLBOYS

of the rising generation politely speak to us in excellent French. One little boy who served us as a guide displayed such a knowledge of geography and the simple sciences as to excite our wonder. "Where," we asked him, "have you learned so much? Your taleebs who teach you to read the Koran in the mosque know nothing of these things." "No," he replied, "the taleebs do not know as much as I, for I go to the French school. I'll take you there, it is not far;" and a moment later we were in the midst of a group

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of Kabyle schoolboys, who, capped with red fezes, look more like a bed of poppies than ought else.

A number of these schools have been established in the mountains, and an attempt is being made to supplement the meager, almost useless, instruction received by the children from their native teachers. We are told that the intelligence and aptness of many of the pupils promise much for the future of the Kabyle race, a brave, industrious people lacking only education to make them worthy citizens of the nation to which they now owe allegiance.

Still guided by our little friend, we reached an hour later the retreat of a famous "Marabout," or saint, perched on an isolated peak. The power of the Marabouts, self-appointed

THE MARABOUT ON THE MOUNTAIN

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KABYLE HOUSES

representatives of God, is still considerable, and as long as it endures, the French will find in them the bitterest and most effective enemies of progress. The reverence with which our boy companion greeted the aged saint proved how deeply he was impressed by the supposed holiness of the old fraud. I do not hesitate to call him such, for to my respectful compliments he replied, "Yes, you are right. I am a very holy man; you ought to give me money." Of course we made a contribution, and when we saw the miserable pilgrims lying roundabout rolled in straw mats, and learned that they all receive at the hands of our saintly host both food and shelter, we did not in the least begrudge the gift. Still we could not but distrust the charitable

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motives of the hermit, for we remembered that the Kabyles would never have joined the insurgents during the great revolt of 1871 had not the Marabouts proclaimed a holy war and used their influence with the ignorant to urge the people on to battle. To them was due the rising of the entire region, and on their heads rests the blood shed by friend and foe. And as we approach the village of Icheridhen, around which raged the fiercest conflicts both of the war of occupation and of the revolt, I need not remind you that the Kabyles are splendid fighters. For centuries they were unconquerable and their mountain home inviolable.

Is not the word "Zouave" a word that signifies all that is brave, brilliant, and daring in a soldier, merely a corruption of the name of a famous Kabyle tribe, the "Zwawa"? The original Zouave regiments were formed here in Algeria. They were composed of French and Kabyle fighters, selected from among the bravest of the brave. Later the native

B, Permission KABYLES

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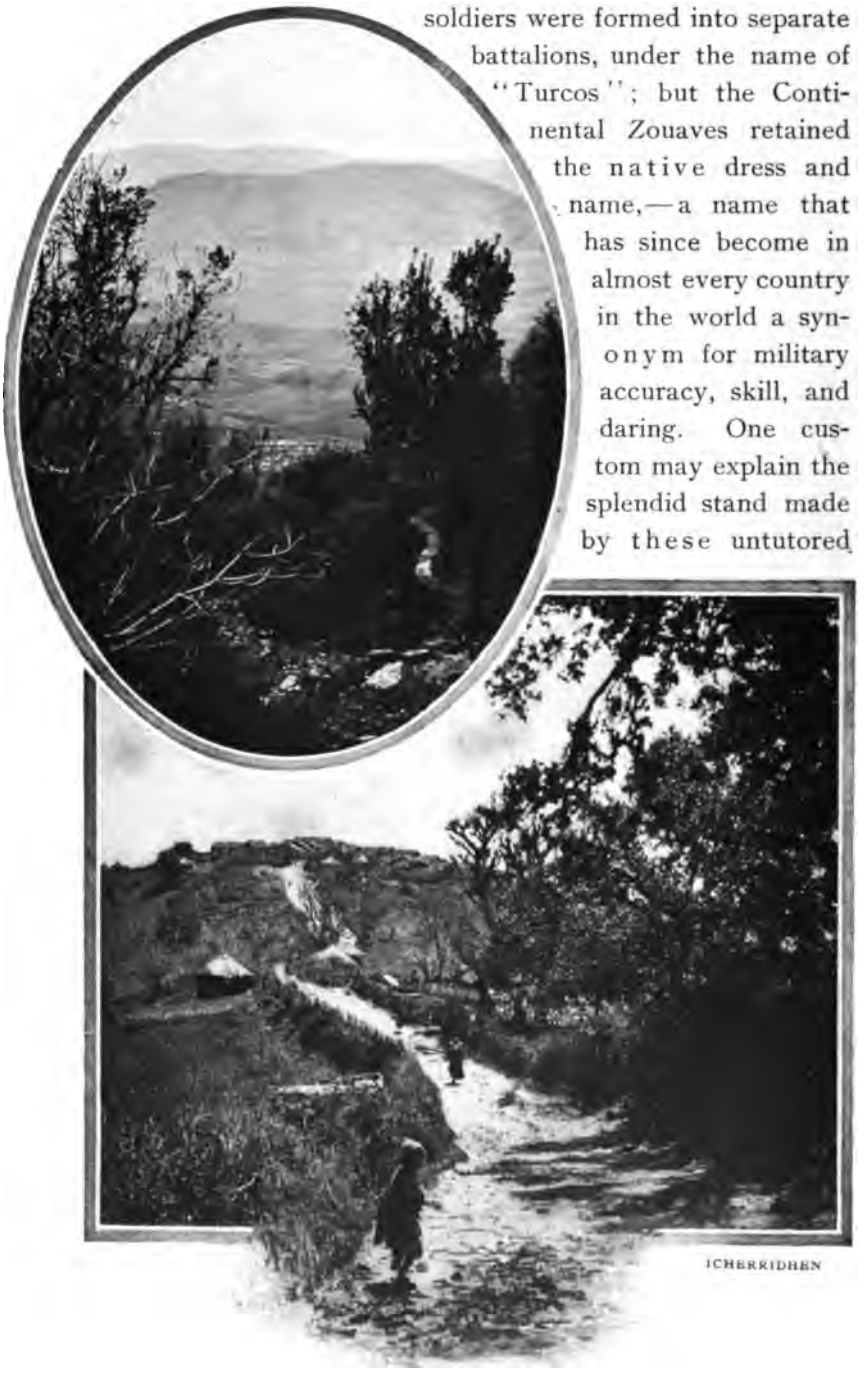

soldiers were formed into separate battalions, under the name of "Turcos"; but the Continental Zouaves retained the native dress and name,—a name that has since become in almost every country in the world a synonym for military accuracy, skill, and daring. One custom may explain the splendid stand made by these untutored

ICHERRIDHEN

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mountaineers against the trained armies of the French, who under Macmahon in 1857 and under Lallemand in 1871 found them such worthy adversaries. Upon the eve of war the young men of all tribes were enrolled in a special corps called the "Immessebelen." These men were looked upon by their families as already dead, and funeral prayers were re-

VILLAGES CROWN EVERY HEIGHT

peated over them when they marched out to battle. Their right to live could be redeemed only by a victorious return. Upon them were impressed the assurances of the Marabouts that heaven would be the reward of the slain, and that perpetual disgrace would overwhelm those who should outlive defeat. These very hills have witnessed such deeds of

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ROMAN AQUEDUCT NEAR CONSTANTINE

hopeless heroism as could have been inspired only by the firm conviction that death meant paradise, defeat life-long dishonor. Such were and are the people who inhabit these cloudland villages. Could we sweep the entire panorama, no fewer than two hundred villages would be revealed to us, some near, some

UNDER THE AQUEDUCT

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far, but each on an aspiring height. Never shall I forget the spectacle that greeted us the morn of our departure,—great banks of cloud filled the abysmal valleys and the hill-top settlements stood forth like tiny island cities in the midst

"EL KANTARA"

of a storm-tossed foamy sea, a unique archipelago suspended like the coffin of Mohammed between the earth and sky.

Leaving Kabylia we travel eastward across the region of the High Plateaux to Constantine, a long day's ride by rail from Algiers. "Where shall we find words with which to

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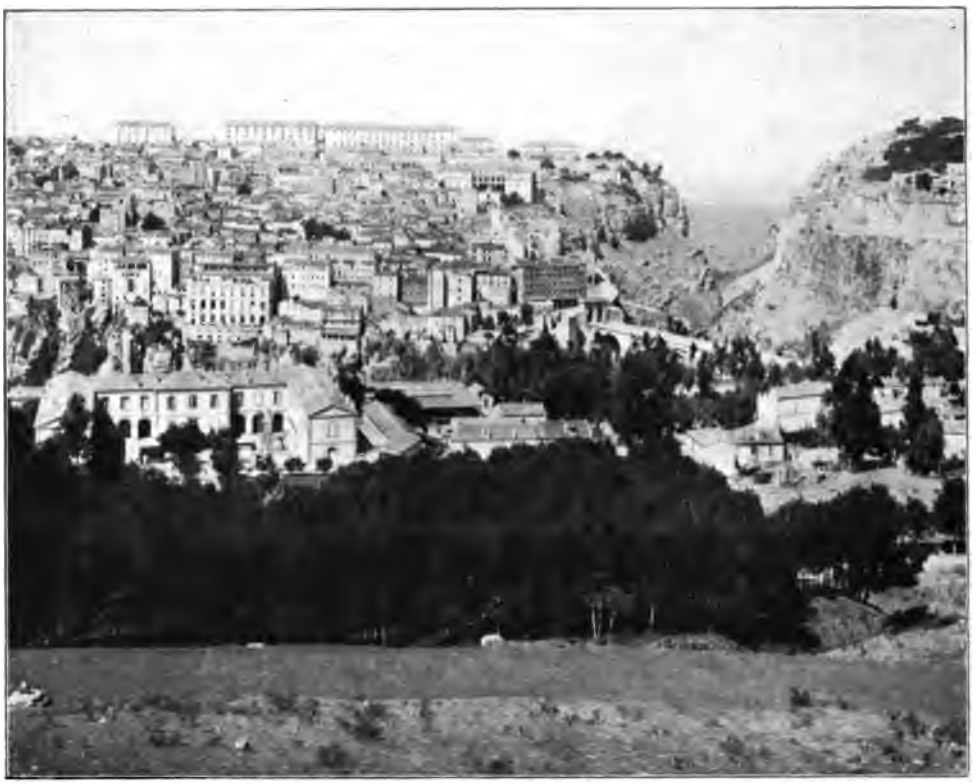
describe this most astonishing of cities?" This is our thought as we cross an amazing bridge, spanning a ravine seemingly bottomless. The bridge is called by the Arabs



Photograph by Neurdein Freres CONSTANTINE

"El Kantara," "*The* Bridge," for it is a unique link, binding the city to the neighboring plateau, on the edge of which our railway train has halted, panting as if in terror. We do not fully realize the marvelous situation of the place until the middle of the bridge is reached; but as our coach whirls us over that arch of steel, we see a sight that almost makes us shudder. Our gaze plunges down and down between great walls of rock into a moat such as no city in the world can boast, a moat five hundred feet in depth, overhung by Titanic

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Photograph by Neurdein Frères

THE RAVINE OF SIDI MECID—CONSTANTINE

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walls of rock, the battlements of which are human dwellings. But entering this city of contrasts and surprises, we find that its streets and squares do not suggest its perilous situation. We might be in a city of the plains for aught the interior of Constantine reveals to us. Among the buildings of the city the only one that offers much of interest is the palace of the last ruler or bey of Constantine, the heartless autocrat

THE "MOAT" OF CONSTANTINE

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NATURAL DEFENSES

El Hadj Ahmed, whose career of crime was cut short by the conquest. The exterior of his abode gives little promise of the gorgeousness within, where we are greeted by a scene resembling in fantastic design and gaudy coloring a stage setting for a spectacular ex-

PAINTINGS OF A PRISONER

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travaganza. Indeed the life of the master of this palace was a long, cruel extravaganza, until turned into somber tragedy by the arrival of the conquering French. The story of the building of this pile gives us a key to the character of Ahmed bey.

Returning from a pilgrimage to Mecca, he resolved to make himself a palace more luxurious than those of the Oriental princes he had visited. To obtain the necessary space he dispossessed his neighbors ; to obtain material he robbed his subjects right and left. If a column or a carving in the house of some rich man pleased him, down came the house of the unhappy owner. From Italy came cargoes of fine marbles, tiles and carven wood, paid for by taxes wrung from a suffering people. More space was needed. Down came the neighboring houses without apology or payment, for the bey was master absolute of Constantine. Those who murmured were sentenced to be bastinadoed ; those who protested were sent to offer their protests to the jagged rocks in the ravine five hundred feet below. As for the mural decorations, we are told that a Christian slave who had

WHERE VULTURES CIRCLE

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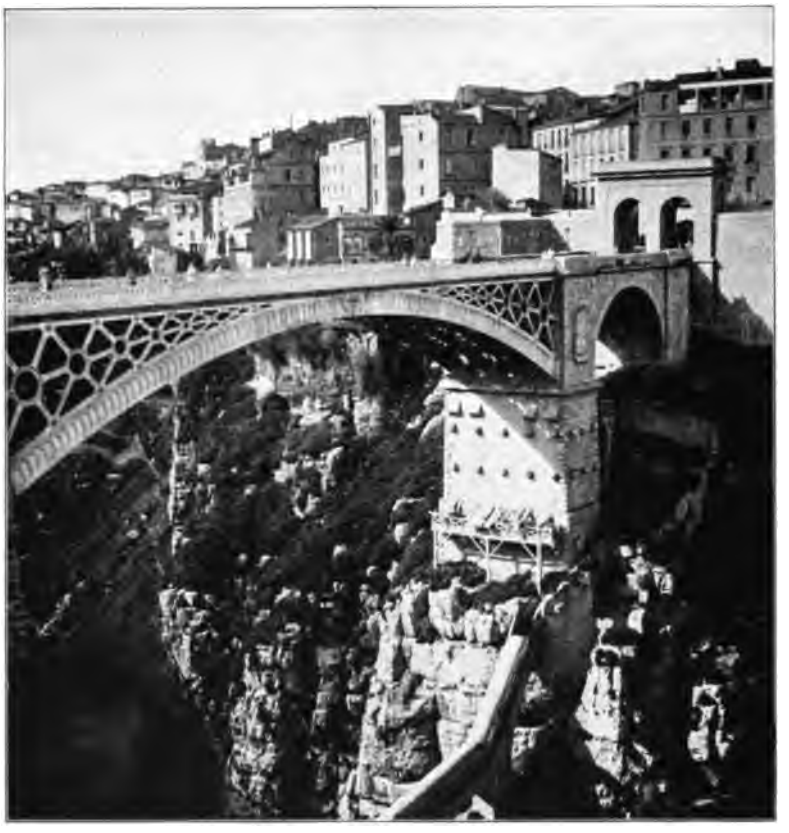

THE BRIDGE OF CONSTANTINE

been languishing in the dungeons of the bey was brought hither, presented with paint-pots and brushes, planted before the naked walls, and told to cover them with pictures. "But I am not an artist, I am a cobbler," cries the prisoner. "That makes no difference. You are a Christian. You must know how to paint. Until you begin, you shall receive twenty-five lashes every day; but if you make us pretty pictures, you shall have your freedom." Needless to say the prisoner found keen inspiration in the blows, and rapidly produced a series of mural masterpieces, of which it is not too great praise to say that they were painted with much *feeling*.

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Photograph by Neurdein Freres

LA PLACE VALLÉE, CONSTANTINE

The mysterious under-world of Constantine interests us more than the city itself. Let us find ourselves where the unhappy slave would certainly have found himself had he refused to decorate the palace walls —in the bottom of the terrible ravine. We are more than five hundred feet below the level of the city streets. We are, if you

ON THE BANK OF THE ROUMMEL

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will, in the great natural sewer of Constantine, in a subway unlike that of any other city in the world. At our feet flows the river Roummel, gliding like a silver snake through a gigantic crack in the foundations of the city. Calmly it enters the ravine, but ere it escapes it must writhe and fume and leap as if in madness into still more frightful depths. We may follow the stream in perfect safety, and watch its struggles at our ease. A narrow path called *le chemin des*

THE RIVER ENTERS PEACEFULLY

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ON THE CHEMIN DES TOURISTES

touristes, recently created, enables man to follow the angry torrent throughout nearly its entire course. The "road of the tourists," is a narrow path that creeps along the face of the rocky wall, now along ledges made by blasting out the solid rock, now ascending or descending ladder-like stairways, now crossing an abyss by means of a frail metal bridge, suspended from the overhanging cliff. Up and down

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it leads us, sometimes near enough to the waters for us to feel the river's spray, sometimes high above the roaring stream. We almost forget the presence of a city above our heads, the wild forbidding nature of the place belying the proximity of the haunts of man. And in this underworld we see no sight of life save the soaring vultures that circle in this narrow crevasse in expectation of a feast,—a feast that in the olden days was only too frequently one of human

THE "ROAD OF THE TOURISTS"

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BENEATH THE BRIDGE

flesh. We read with a shudder of all the lives that have been swallowed up by this deep gulf,—the criminals cast from above, the unfaithful wives, the suicides, and the slaves sewed in sacks by angry masters and relentlessly hurled into the ravine. The maddened Roummel, red with human blood, has borne from the sight of man those human wrecks flung from the brink. And as if to escape the horrors it has witnessed here, it creeps beneath two natural bridges, the broader of which is directly underlying the steel arch of El

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Kantara, and seems to engulf the rushing stream. That natural arch formed the foundation for a Roman bridge, arches of which are still in existence.

At another point we see a ruined pier belonging to a second Roman bridge, long since a prey to time. The little pathway of the tourists finally climbs a series of steep zigzags, and brings us once more into the sunny world at one extremity of the great bridge. Standing there, we may by turning our eyes slowly from left to right take in a complete panorama of the city, and thus obtain a clear idea of Constantine's indescribable situation. The depths from which we have just escaped lie on our left. Structures, Arab and French,

ROMAN MASONRY

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THE NATURAL BRIDGE

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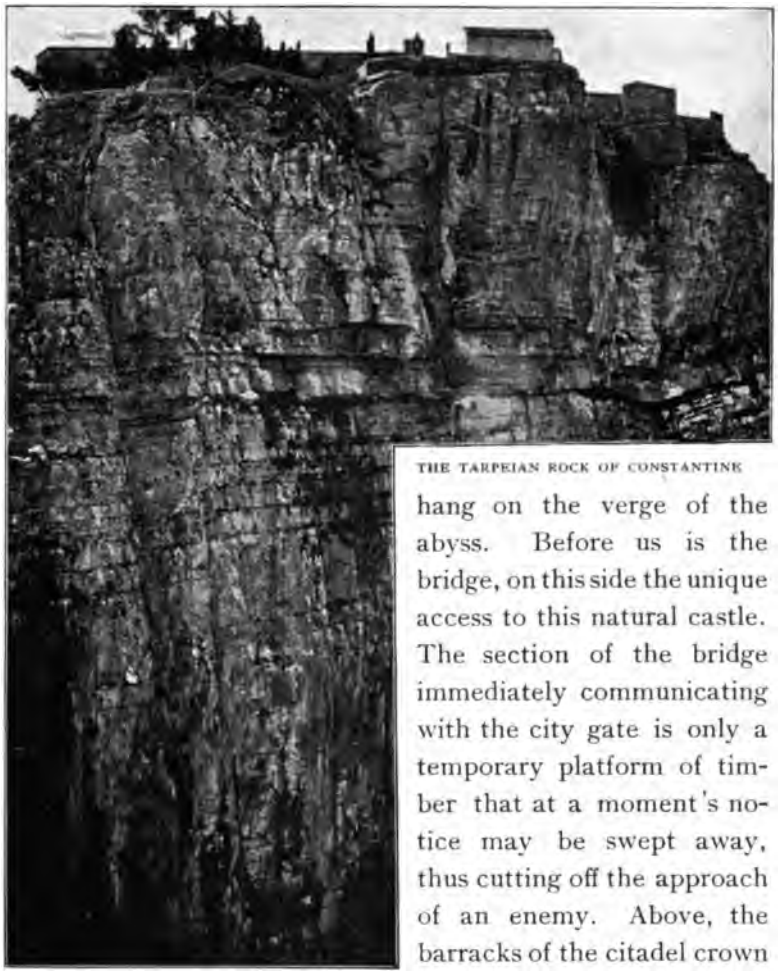

THE TARPEIAN ROCK OF CONSTANTINE

hang on the verge of the abyss. Before us is the bridge, on this side the unique access to this natural castle. The section of the bridge immediately communicating with the city gate is only a temporary platform of timber that at a moment's notice may be swept away, thus cutting off the approach of an enemy. Above, the barracks of the citadel crown the city, and at the same time mar its imposing effect, for they are at best a group of ugly, factory-like constructions. At our feet there slopes away the roof of a second broad natural arch, beneath which flows on in darkness the mysterious river, soon to lose itself in the open valley revealed to us between two gigantic cliffs that look like opposing bastions.

On the summit of the left-hand height we see a cluster of small buildings pertaining to the citadel or kasbah. The

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THE KASBAH CLIFF

cliff of the kasbah formerly served as the Tarpeian Rock of Constantine. We are told that frequently in the old days two men would appear there on the brink in the dim light of dawn. They always bore a heavy burden. Putting this down they would balance upon the parapet a long trough-like chute. Upon this they would place their burden — a heavy sack, a sack that writhed and writhing, gave forth screams. The trough was then tipped slightly. The squirming sack slipped swiftly — those who have witnessed burials at sea know how rapidly that nameless thing descended to the tenebrous depths. But this was no burial, it was an execution. There was no merciful ocean there below. There were only jagged rocks and cruel shallow waves, which presently grew red as if in shame for the foul deed committed by the men who meantime leaned far out from the overhanging parapet, that they might see the end — that they might tell the bey that the wife of whom he had grown weary would trouble him no more. Remembering these tales, it is with genuine aversion that we approach the border of this stream, intent on crossing to the other bank

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and climbing to the city by another path; and to our aversion dismay is added when we discover that the little planks that spanned the stream have yielded to the flood and left the waters bridgeless. How to regain the city without retracing our steps is a problem difficult to solve. I should be only too happy to record here some heroic Leander-like proceeding, but we dared not swim the rapid stream. If we imitated any classic character, it must have been poor old Anchises who was carried out of Troy by young Æneas, but that in our case an Arab Anchises carried the American Æneas upon his shoulders. Though far from deep the stream was very turbulent, and its rapidity and force and the proximity of sheer cascades not many yards below made the moments spent on that old believer's back moments of intense anxiety. And as if he knew my fears, this dilapidated old human ferry-boat seemed purposely to prolong

ABOVE THE FALLS

the agony, slowly stumbling along, slipping at every step, and emitting with every breath a hoarse, deep gasp suggesting that he was about to die of heart-disease. If my decrepit bearer had grown weary and dropped me in the flood, I should have been swept by the swift Roummel down

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CASCADES IN THE RAVINE

the monumental stairway by which the river makes its majestic exit from the gorge of Constantine. As we stand at the foot of these cascades, the walls of Constantine appear in all their impressiveness. They are the highest walls that ever guarded city, for here they rise a thousand feet above the plain ; but they were not built by human hands. Impregnable is a word that seems to have been made to describe this Wonder-City. And yet this word cannot be truthfully

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applied to Constantine, for it has been besieged and taken many times. Romans and Numidians, Turks, Arabs, and Christians have in turn fought for the possession of this natural fortress and obtained it. It is strange that a city so strongly fortified by nature should have known so many conquerors. But we rejoice that the last successful besiegers fought for the cause of civilization under a Christian flag.

It was in 1836 that the French army first moved against the rock-perched city. Defeat, however, awaited that first

IN THE ABYSS

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expedition. In 1837 ten thousand men were sent to retrieve the honor of the arms of France. Five days were passed in preparations for assault. The inhabitants, having offered prayers at Allah, made ready to defend their homes, their wicked rulers, and their faith. The assault was dramatic. The play of heavy ordnance first shattered the Arab fortifica-

A BRIDGE IN THE DEPTHS

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WALLS OF CONSTANTINE

tions. A huge mass of masonry crumbled, and in its fall buried a company of gallant Frenchmen, who had advanced to scale the walls. A powder-magazine exploded, hurling into the air the terribly mangled bodies of the

THE SAHARA LIES BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

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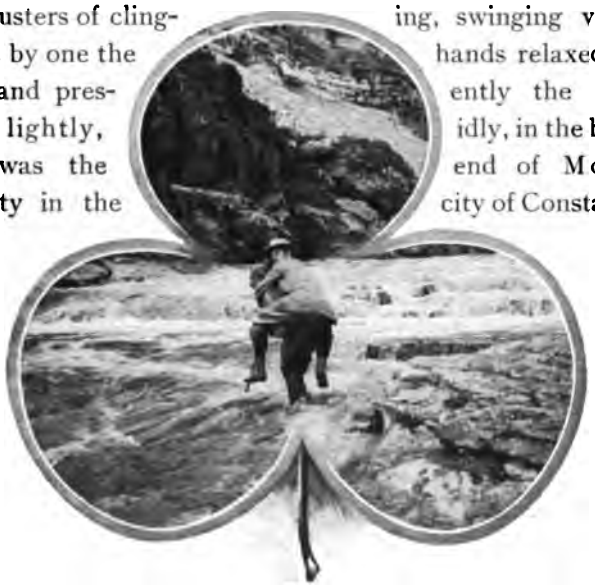
besiegers and the besieged. The general in command of the attacking force, Damrémont, fell near the widening breach through which his men soon rushed into the captured city. A hand-to-hand, house-to-house conflict then raged in the narrow streets. Barricades are thrown up, defended, taken, and re-taken, until at last the Moslem forces are driven to the citadel upon the summit of the rock. Then came the scenes most pitiful of all. Scores of old men, and women with their children, in a wild endeavor to escape, swung slender ropes from the parapets of the kasbah, hoping by this means to reach the valley. But the ropes were both too slender and too short. One parted, and its parting was answered by a chorus of those screams that are never uttered by the human voice but once. The others for a time sustained their clusters of clinging, swinging victims, but one by one the hands relaxed their grasp, and presently the ropes swung lightly, idly, in the breeze. Such was the end of Moslem authority in the city of Constantine.



A HUMAN FERRY

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ON THE EDGE OF "THE GARDEN OF ALLAH"

To the devout Arab the Sahara Desert is "the Garden of Allah." Robert Hichens has made this "garden" famous. The fascinating desert city of Beni Mora where the novelist brings his characters together is not a place born of the author's imagination. It is a very real and very beautiful Saharan city known to travelers as Biskra, and though deep in the desert, it is easily accessible by rail. The houses and the mosques of Biskra are of sun-dried brick. The shade and the fruit of a hundred thousand date-palms have long lent beauty and prosperity to Biskra. Today magnificent hotels and a gay Casino add their comforts and allurements, but happily without dispelling Biskra's atmosphere of mystery.

OASES OF THE ALGERIAN SAHARA

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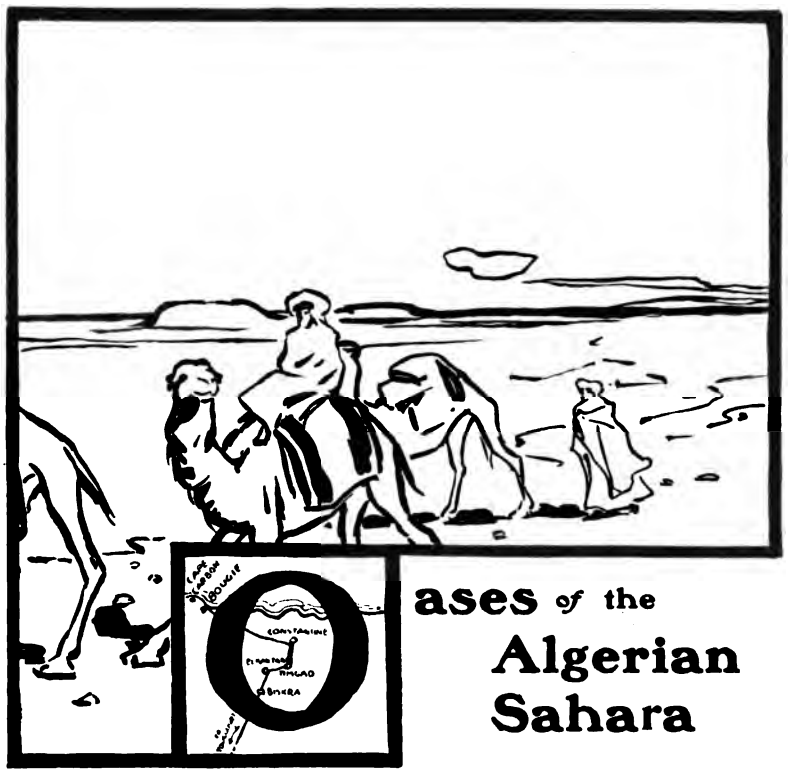

Oases of the Algerian Sahara

THE CHARM of the desert and its mystery are as great and as profound as the charm and the mystery of the sea. Only the desert and the sea are changeless. They alone refuse to accept the impress of human endeavor; they are to-day the same as when man first beheld them.

When once the desert has called us, it is impossible to disobey her summons. In Algeria we heard the desert calling, accordingly our next journey is to be desertward. We are to cross the narrow fertile strip that lies along the Algerian shore of the Mediterranean; we are to penetrate the Africa of the roving Bedouin and of the nomad Arab; we

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are to seek, far out upon the sandy wastes of the Sahara, those palm-embowered isles that bear the magic name "Oases," — a name that has haunted every one of us ever since, as children, we spelled it out for the first time in our geographies. Let us respond to the call of the desert.

Approaching the town of Bougie on the coast of Barbary at a point about midway between the cities of Algiers and Constantine, the traveler sees a savage mass of rock boldly outlined against the sky like the silhouette of some gigantic monster of the sea, some guardian dragon of the pirate

CAPE CARBON

shore. It is the promontory of Cape Carbon, a final spur of the Atlas Mountains, extended seaward as if aspiring to the proud position of a French Gibraltar. It cannot, however, become a rival to Britain's famous rock, for although Cape Carbon is no less a natural stronghold, the opposite shores are hundreds of miles away, and the fleets of foes could sail serenely past, far beyond the range of the greatest guns yet made. This rugged coast was admirably adapted to the needs of the old Corsairs of Barbary; the scourges of Christendom could not have built their robber nests on a

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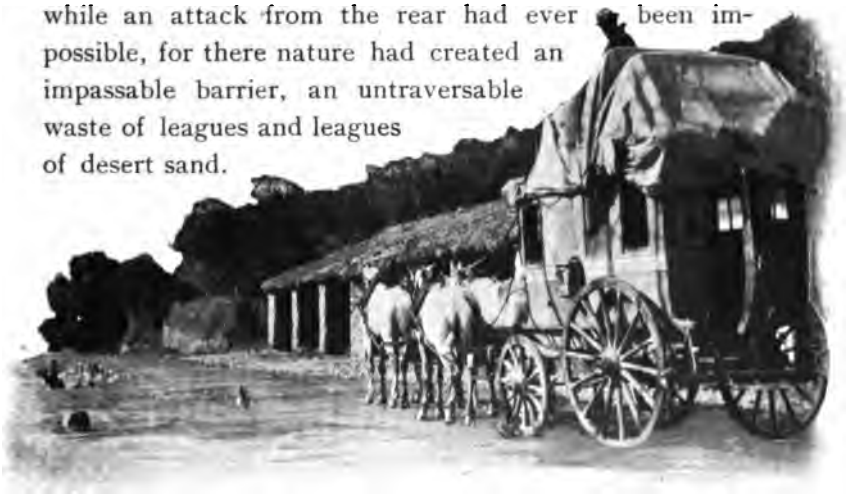
more advantageous shore. From rocky heights, jutting far seaward, those birds of prey swept the waters with their hungry gaze until some richly laden ship appeared on the horizon; then down they swooped. Out from the harbors, sheltered by these natural fortifications, sped the galleys manned usually by Christian slaves. Soon the prize would be brought into the port, the cargo confiscated, the crew enslaved, and the peaceful merchantman, refitted for the corsair service, sent forth in turn to terrorize upon the seas. But a civilization, such as it was, existed here. The French who have recently crowned the rock with a signal station were not the first to use the heliograph upon this coast. The Arabs, who eight hundred years ago were masters of the little town of Bougie, lying almost within the shadow of these cliffs, knew how to flash commands and warnings by the aid of polished surfaces and sunshine; and they could telegraph at night by means of lights and fires. All things conspired to insure those Saracenic robbers long centuries of success and of immunity from punishment. The dissensions of the European nations, the victims of the pirates, prevented concerted action against them; their rugged coast itself was a defense, while an attack from the rear had ever been impossible, for there nature had created an impassable barrier, an untraversable waste of leagues and leagues of desert sand.



THE BOUGIE-SETIF DILIGENCE

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It is from Bougie that we set out next morning upon our journey overland. I might almost say from coast to coast, for we are to travel southward from the Mediterranean shore to the shore of the sandy sea beyond. We make the first stages of our journey by *diligence*, a picturesque, and in fine weather not uncomfortable, mode of travel. We take our places on the top of the lumbering vehicle, where we may

AFRICAN SNOW

enjoy the bracing morning air and look upon the glorious scenes that in quick succession are to be unrolled to our bewildered eyes. The first few miles of our progress are mildly picturesque and thoroughly delightful, but later on the scenery becomes magnificent. But that word "magnificent" has been abused so sadly that it now inadequately expresses the grandeur of the rock-bound pass into which we plunge an hour later. Even at the entrance of the Gorges of

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IN THE GORGES OF CHABET

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Photograph by
Nelson Ludington Barnes

A WOMAN COLONIST
IN MALE ATTIRE

Chabet there is revealed to us a promise of the greater things to come. We are now about to pass through a defile which pierces the chain of the Atlas Mountains and forms the connecting corridor, seventeen miles in length, between the fertile coast region called the "Tell" and the high plateaux which lie between the coast range and the Aurés Mountains, which form the northern boundary wall of the Sahara. As we smoothly roll along over a perfect road behind our galloping four-in-hand, we cannot realize the difficulties which have been met and overcome by the French engineers to whose courage and perseverance we owe the privilege of looking upon these glorious pages of Nature's wonderbook,— pages which thirty years ago were sealed to human gaze. Even the sure-footed Arabs never attempted to travel through this forbidden corridor until their superstitious fears had been shaken by the building of the road. No longer do they fear the pass; in fact, an Arab has performed the incredible feat of scaling the face of

TRAMPS

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THE CLIFF THAT WAS SCALED

one of the cone-like cliffs and successfully descending on the further side, thus winning a valuable prize offered by the authorities. As we pass beneath the vertical walls of the cliff that was scaled, we grow dizzy in recalling the temerity of the man, for there is apparently no resting-place, no foothold,—and the rock is surely more than seven hundred feet in height. Rounding another bend we behold a massive bridge spanning the rushing river and transferring the roadway from one bank to another. The stream, like a living thing, struggles with the hindering boulders, filling the cavernous depths with a harsh murmur that is echoed from wall to wall until lost in the freedom of the upper air. At every turn we look for an end of this seemingly interminable rent, but every step in advance reveals a deepening of the river-bed, a narrowing of the Chabet Cañon, while the mountain masses on either side rise higher and higher until we feel that we have gone down to the very bottom of the

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mountains. The road in some places runs four hundred feet above the river; but this is nothing, the heights on either side rise thousands of feet above us. Although the summits of the mountains are invisible, we are conscious of their towering presence. Swift clouds above are tossed from peak to peak as in some pillow-battle of the giants. A sense of the littleness of man is forced upon us. Then comes a consoling conviction of the genius of man, for has he not opened a pathway here, conquered Nature, imposed his will upon the scowling rocks, and forced them to sustain in their rough grasp this dainty ribbon of a road along which troops have marched to conquer tribes as savage as the land itself?

AN ALPINE ROAD IN AFRICA

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Surely it is a privilege to look on scenes like this. But inspiring as it was in reality, I dare not further attempt to make you share in my enthusiasm, for I am but too conscious that both words and pictures must of necessity fail to reveal the full majesty of the Gorges of Chabet. Suffice it to say that at last we reach the middle region of Algeria,— the high plateaux,— where we are welcomed by the whistle of the locomotive, and hear the rumble of the train that is to bear us east and southward toward the gates of the great desert. The high plateaux are singularly unattractive; they are without the verdure and variety of the coast region, and they have not the barren impressiveness, the mysterious monotony of the Sahara. Yet the region is not devoid of interest, as we were forced to admit after our visit to Hammam Meskoutine, where we see one of the most beautiful natural marvels of Algeria. Waters, seething hot, constantly welling up from the depths of the earth, have in the long course of

"APPARENTLY NO END AND NO ESCAPE"

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LIKE A STEAMING GLACIER

years builded a structure and then covered it over with a delicate enamel which reflects in ever-varying tints the rays of brilliant sunlight. We seem to look on a frozen waterfall, yet from it rise great clouds of steam; and while we feast our eyes upon this seeming miracle of frostwork, the high temperature of the atmosphere enveloping us renders it difficult to reconcile the contradictory evidences of our senses. The Arabs have named these "The Accursed Springs." They tell us that once upon a time a certain rich and powerful chieftain, finding no man worthy of his sister's heavenly beauty, decided to espouse her himself. To the objections of his elders he replied by chopping off their heads, and was about to begin the wedding ceremony, when suddenly there came a terrible trembling of the earth, which opened as fire and water poured forth. Then instantly, the participants in the sinful ceremony were petrified upon the spot. Three crusty cones represent all that is left of the unhappy couple and the priest; and guests, also transformed into volcanic

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TINTED TERRACES OF HAMMAM MESKOUTINE

heaps, stand here and there awaiting, forever, the conclusion of the ceremony. Near by we find Roman baths cut in the natural rock. This reminds us that Rome once held this region as firmly does France to-day. Nay, more firmly ; for whereas France possesses great cities on the coast, Rome built her cities in the far interior. Three of those cities we visited, and found none in better state of preservation and more carefully excavated than Thamugas, known to-day as Timgad. It merits well the title, "The Pompeii of Africa," although the sands of time, not the ashes of Vesuvius

THE PETRIFIED PRIEST

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ROMAN RUINS NEAR TIMGAD

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have been its shroud. Its position at the intersection of six Roman highroads rendered it a post of great importance ; and garrisoned as it was by the famous Thirtieth Legion, it held in awe the whole province, and travelers going down into the desert were assured of safety. The desert is not far distant, and the surrounding lands suggest, by their bare, cheerless aspect, the proximity of burning sands. A great loneliness pervades the city and the valleys through which we have made our way to reach it, and as we sit at luncheon, on what was once the most animated square of Timgad, our conversation turns upon the desolation of the region. Once thickly

THE DILIGENCE IN THE DEPTHS

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populated and profitably cultivated, it now presents no signs of human life or of fertility. The neighboring desert, though shut off from it by the Aurés Mountains, seems by some mysterious influence to be gradually possessing itself of this poor heritage of Rome. An Arab guardian is the sole inhabitant. For him alone the imposing triumphal arch spans Timgad's most important thoroughfare; to him disfigured Roman gods and goddesses speak of a glorious past in which his race has taken no part; for him alone exists the ruined theater, once the pride and center of Timgad's social life. What builders they were, those sturdy Romans! The ruins of their structures will outlive the stucco cities of to-day to which France so proudly points. And when we remember that in Roman days there were no railroads to annihilate space, we gain a true conception of the force and perseverance displayed by the founders of this series of military cities, so far from the sea,

AN AFRICAN POMPEII

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in the midst of a barbarous people, in a waterless and treeless land. Algeria is indeed treeless, for between the gardens near the coast and the palm-trees of the Saharan oases, trees are so rare that a group of twenty is called a "forest." We are, however, nearing the southern boundary of the high plateaux, so featureless, so uninviting, and from the window of a railway carriage out of which we have been peering

A THEATER NEAR THE EDGE OF THE SAHARA

eagerly, we are at last rewarded by a glimpse of another world. An opening in the mountain wall has come in view, the gates of the desert have opened before us. A paradoxical vista greets us; for though we are looking southward into the Saharan region, we behold a distant mass of freshest green, while behind us stretch away the desolate plains and valleys through which we have journeyed southward. This gorge is well named "The Gate of the Desert," for it gives access to a wonderland of sand and sun. Through it rush the

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Photograph by Nelson Ludington Barnes

TIMGAD

river, the highway, and the railroad, turning, twisting, and crossing one another in their haste to reach that patch of green, the first oasis of the Algerian Sahara. We dash between the two great cliffs, and as the train circles around the verdure-hidden village of El Kantara, we feast our eyes on the welcome freshness of the palms, above whose wavy tops tower the mighty pillars of the desert's portal. There stand at the very entrance to the burning region fifteen thousand date-palms, as if to reassure the traveler, to tell him of the other tiny dots of fertility far out across the sands, to as-

ONCE A BUSY ROMAN CROSS-ROADS

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THE GATES OF THE DESERT

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sure him of food and sheltering shade during his pilgrimage toward the equator. That such assurance is most welcome you will admit when, after winding through barren valleys, between naked mountain ranges, the train emerges at last from the southern foot-hills, and we gain our first view of that sandy sea that rolls in all its vastness between Algeria and the Sudan. It is not like the desert we have always pictured to ourselves; we feel a sense of

GODDESSES AND GLOBE-TROTTERS

disappointment. We are, however, only on the borderland; there below us are the deep traces cut by the watercourses from the mountains; we must go farther south to find true desert wastes. But you will ask, "How shall we travel out upon this endless plain?" We almost forget that no camel and no caravan are necessary yet, that we may still roll on in railway cars for forty miles. We simply abandon ourselves to our book of tourist-coupons, the final page of which bears

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ALMOST A DESERT

the attractive name of Biskra, and into Biskra we are whirled two hours later.

Biskra, the Mecca of both the Moslem and the Christian nomad — the Monte Carlo of the desert — in a word the Oasis of Pleasure and of Fashion! Biskra, above whose white-washed houses wave the feathery branches of a hundred thousand palm-trees. Biskra the beautiful!

Biskra was in 1894 the terminus of the Saharan railway, which, however, now penetrates far deeper into the dark continent. Biskra already boasted a European quarter, of which the shops, hotels, and public buildings seemed as strangely out of place in the desert as did the hideous railway station itself.

BISKRA

Upon our arrival we make all haste to the hotel, for crowds of tourists have come with us, and at the time of our visit Biskra was not prepared to house as many visitors as she is to-day. Reaching the caravansary we

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Photograph by Emile Fréchon

BISKRA

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LODGINGS FOR LATE-COMERS

find that it is as we suspected,—there are no rooms reserved for us despite our pleading telegrams. We try the other houses, but in vain; we look disconsolately upon the two new hotels, magnificent but unfinished, whose walls are rising slowly as the lazy laborers pile one sun-dried brick upon another, and then we return to accept the landlord's ultimatum, the terms of which are after all not harsh. We get one end of a hallway, a mattress upon the floor, two chairs, a bowl and a pitcher, and a curtain to screen us from the public gaze. Later arrivals are put to bed on tables after

NEW BISKRA IN 1894

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GAZELLES

table d'hôte. But the next day good rooms are given us, and the small discomforts of arrival are forgotten. One pretty feature of the hotel is its garden, where we discover a number of very graceful little animals called

Photograph by Emile Fréchon

THE RACE FOR COPPERS

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IN SIDI OKBA

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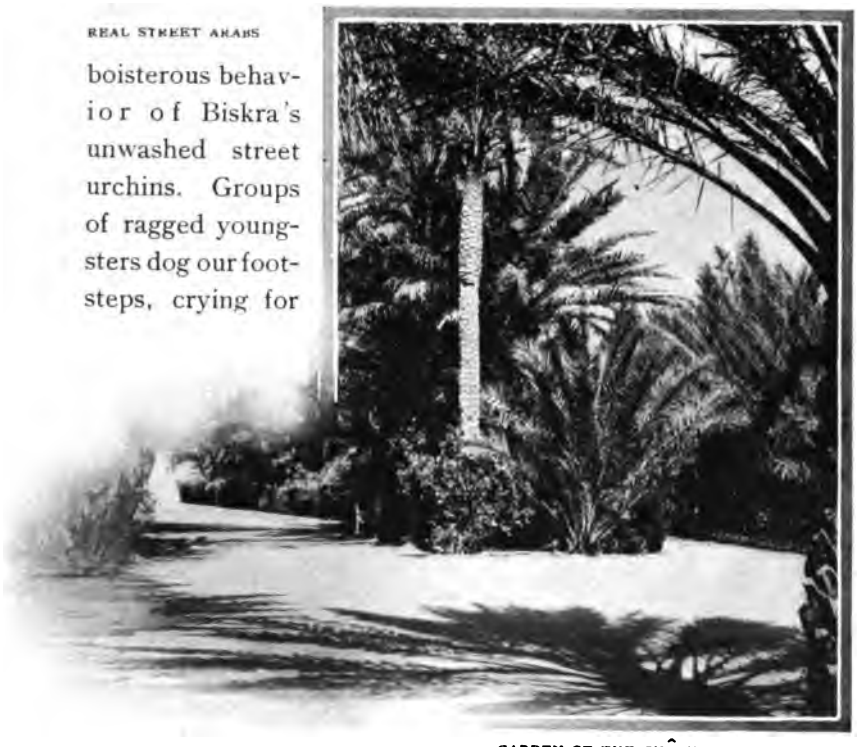
gazelles — slender of limb and mild of eye. Tame and obedient as pets, we think they are such, until at dinner, we make a horrible discovery. Declaring most delicious a certain course of the table d'hôte, we ask the waiter what it is, and when he answers, "*gazelle sautée á la Biskra*," a sadness fills our souls. When we count the little animals again, we find that one is missing. The gentleness of these gazelles is in delightful contrast to the

REAL STREET ARABS

boisterous behavior of Biskra's unwashed street urchins. Groups of ragged youngsters dog our footsteps, crying for



GARDEN OF THE CHÂTEAU LANDON

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OFF AGAIN!

pennies; and when the demanded coppers are tossed them, there ensues a scramble which promises a brilliant future for the game of football should the natives ever take it up. Girls and boys alike exhibit wonderful endurance, and on one occasion two little chaps followed our carriage at a run for over fifteen minutes, gasping with every breath "*Un sou, M'sieu', M'dame!*" unfortunately in vain, for we have not a single copper, and the rascals would not believe us when we told them so. To escape this barbarian horde, we take refuge in the lovely gardens of the Château Landon, the estate of a wealthy French count, who in his absence kindly permits foreigners to roam at will through his little paradise. This is the "Garden of Count Anteoni," made famous by Robert Hichens in his "Garden of Allah." Biskra is the real Beni Mora of the story.

Biskra's luxuriant vegetation is due to an abundant water-supply from artesian wells and from the Biskra River,

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Photograph by Emile Fréchon

KING OF THE DESERT

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a broad and shallow stream which farther south is swallowed by the thirsty sands. When weary of dreaming in the garden, we may take a spin in the horse-car of Biskra, for this unique oasis is not without its progressive institutions. But the rails are very badly laid, and every few hundred rods there comes a lurch, followed by a suggestion of an earthquake, whereupon the French conductor politely requests the passengers to assist in replacing the car upon the rails. Thus a street-car ride, which with us is a passive enjoyment, becomes to the Biskran an excellent form of training for both nerve and muscle. Although not always thrown out by these frequent accidents, in fright we nearly jump out of the moving car, as, having passed the limits of the oasis, we behold close to the track upon a hillock a sight which makes our blood run cold—a gigantic lion, crouching as if about to spring. My friend feels for his revolver; I look despairingly at the distant palm-trees; the other passengers sit motionless, their faces expressive only of calm interest.

AN ALGERIAN STREET

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We begin to doubt the excitability of the French. The car is brought to a standstill. With a painfully deliberate slowness a man in hunting costume takes a gun from beneath the seat. This reassures us; but why does he not make haste to shoot? Why does he wait for that fool of a photographer who is setting up his tripod in the face of such a

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

danger? In wonder we await the dénouement. The man draws near with superhuman coolness; the huge beast, daunted, bows his head. The hunter stands over him in a pose of victory. The photographic artist — a veritable hero — then secures proofs of the courage of the lion tamer. And then at last the truth breaks in upon us as two poor Arabs

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Photograph by Emile Fréchon

A TARTARIN OF BISKRA

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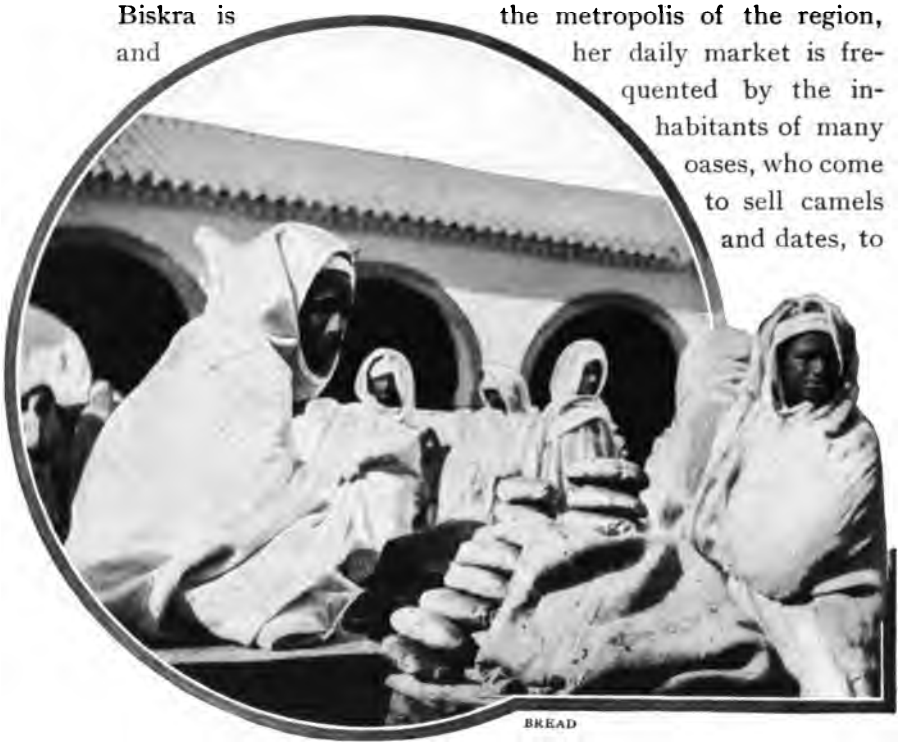
appear, calmly tie a rope around the lion's neck, and serenely lead away the desert king. The poor old beast is blind and tame and harmless. His keepers make a living by renting him to amateur photographers or to ambitious sportsmen desirous of sending home convincing "proofs" of their prowess in hunting the fierce Numidian lion. We could have been made heroes ourselves for the sum of ten francs each, cash down. The natives willingly pay a few pennies for the privilege of jumping over the harmless beast, believing that such exercise will make them brave and lion-hearted. Returning from this amusing excursion, we reach the market-place of Biskra at the moment most propitious. We find it thronged with stately Arabs, whose lofty dignity accords but ill with their prosaic callings and pursuits. Biskra is the metropolis of the region, and her daily market is frequented by the inhabitants of many oases, who come to sell camels and dates, to



BREAD

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Photograph by Nelson Ludington Barnes

BARTERING FOR BLADES

buy sheep and donkeys, grain and vegetables, or to supply themselves with foreign luxuries for their women, left in some distant village. Strange to say, the calicoes and cottons, of which vast quantities are purchased here, are not from the factories of France, for every bale is marked in large plain letters "MANCHESTER." France sheds her blood, conquers barbarous countries, and England then steps in and reaps the profit. But as we now enter the inner market-place, we observe that although the dealings are collectively important, they are individually tiny to a rare degree. The infinite smallness of some transactions defies description. For five centimes the frugal Arab buys dates enough to constitute his midday meal; oats are sold by the handful, wheat is dealt out in pinches;—men gain a living by a daily commerce unworthy elsewhere the time and labor of a fly. In comparison with these retailers of atoms, the bread merchant with a score of loaves on sale becomes a magnate

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TWO DOZEN DATES MAKE A MEAL

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of the first importance. In the meat-market we learn what becomes of the camels that have grown too old to work. The situation is reversed in favor of the camel, for the camel no longer carries the Arab; instead the Arab carries off the camel, which has been carefully divided to suit the not too fastidious purchaser.

KEEN BARGAINERS

Later in the day we enter the street of Ouled Nayels, or Almées, a tribe of dancing girls without a mention of which a description of Biskra would be incomplete.

STREET OF THE OULED NAYELS

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OULED NAYELS IN BISKRA

The Ouled Nayels coming from other oases in the far south or from remote villages of the plateaux enjoy a freedom denied to the women of more thoroughly Mohammedanized regions. They refuse to veil their faces, although they invariably turn them away when threatened by the camera, often to the advantage of the latter, for the faces of the older specimens would test the endurance of the strongest make of apparatus. We examine with interest the curious jewelry with which these desert damsels deck themselves.

Many wear suspended from the neck a little fortune in coins, a breast-plate formed of *louis d' or*, English sovereigns and other golden coins. My friend examining the collections discovers a gold eagle from the United States. "*Mais oui, Monsieur,*" replied the damsel, "*j'étais á l' Exposition de Chicago.*" She danced in the Algerian Theater on the Midway. Nor was this the only echo of the

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fair to reach our ears, for as we strolled up and down the Almées' street in the wake of three superb members of the native cavalry corps — "Spahis" as they are called — we were greeted from a doorway with, "How do you do, American gentlemen? Come see this shop to-day; we going back America to-morrow with new stock of goods. We catch so much money in Chicago." We entered and enjoyed a chat with two intelligent young Arabs who had picked up a little fortune at a tiny kiosk under the shadow of the Ferris Wheel. Toward evening, when cool shadows creep into the scorched and thirsty streets of this quarter, the Ouled Nayels are seen

IN THE NATIVE CAFÉ QUARTER

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CAFÉ ARABE

decked in their most georgeous finery, awaiting the opening of the Arab cafés. The chief attraction is their dancing for both the weary camel-driver just in from the Sudan and for the proper English family who have run down from Algiers for a day or two to get a glimpse of desert life. Some of these women are even queenly in appearance, others hideous beyond description. When at last night closes in, the narrow streets become most weirdly animated. We glance in now and then at the doorways of the smoking-dens where dozens of Arabs lie, lulled into a state of semi-dreamfulness by the fumes of "keef" or hashish, which for the moment drives away all weariness and care, but ever more firmly binds its willing victims. Darkness and silence pervade these dens, while from the doors of the cafés pour floods of light, snatches of unearthly music, clouds of thick tobacco smoke and the aroma of delicious coffee. When we enter one of these overcrowded cafés, we are at first dazed by the sights and sounds that

ARAB GAIETY

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greet us ; but as our eyes become accustomed to the atmosphere, so full of smoke and dust, we begin to gain a vague idea of the interior. A deafening, ear-splitting, roof-rending symphony is being executed by the most energetic Arabs we have ever seen ; an athletic orchestra, whose frantic bangings of tambourines and whose cheek-bursting blowings into shrill flutes, lead one to doubt that its members are of the same race as the listeners, — those calm shrouded figures serenely reposing on the wooden shelves around the walls, looking for all the world like a museum of mummies partially

THE CASINO IN CONSTRUCTION

unwrapped. Their eyes are fixed with a vague stare upon the dancing Almée. For hours this continues ; the dancers change, but the musicians thunder on, while with empty eyes and bodies motionless the Arab auditors sit as if entranced. To us, however, be the credit for having roused them from their lethargy, — a flash-light cartridge did the work. The superstitious customers fled from the deadly brilliancy and rolling clouds of smoke until the place was nearly empty. Then the proprietor demanded redress for his losses, the guests having departed without settling their accounts. Willingly do we hand over the price of thirty

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OUR VALET DE PLACE

cups of coffee at two cents per cup. Surely it is but a trifle in return for a picture that is unique.

But these native cafés are now doomed to give place to a more ambitious amusement enterprise, the Casino of Biskra, which at the time of our visit was nearing completion and is now the center of Biskran gaiety. In this casino European visitors assemble to listen to European music, to watch the native dancers on a European stage, and to play at European games of chance. Nor are the Arabs excluded. It is curious if not an edifying thing to see an Arab Kaid in full

RETURNING FROM A SHOPPING TOUR

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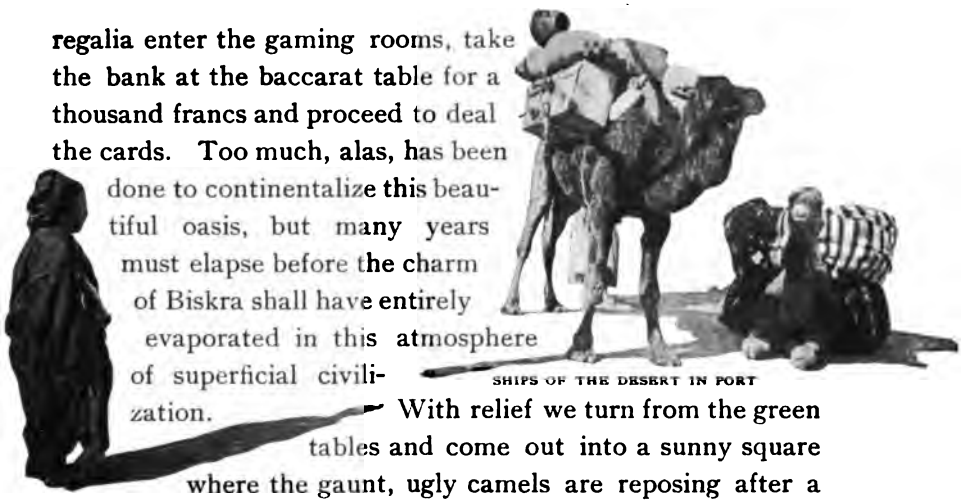
regalia enter the gaming rooms, take the bank at the baccarat table for a thousand francs and proceed to deal the cards. Too much, alas, has been done to continentalize this beautiful oasis, but many years must elapse before the charm of Biskra shall have entirely evaporated in this atmosphere of superficial civilization.



SHIPS OF THE DESERT IN PORT

With relief we turn from the green tables and come out into a sunny square where the gaunt, ugly camels are reposing after a journey in the desert. Here every day arrive the caravans from the far south ; here is the terminus of the desert routes from the Sudan and Timbuctu. Some of those caravans began their journeys six long months ago. Yes, as we turn into the road which leads southward from the oasis, we realize that we are indeed upon the very edge of civilization.

THE SAHARA LIMITED

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Beyond us lie regions about which our conceptions are most vague. If we ask whence come these caravans and whence the hardy native soldiers, the answer is, "From Wargla" or, "From Touggourt." Looking in an atlas we may find such names printed far down on the map of Africa, where the yellow ink tells of the presence of the Great

VIEUX BISKRA

Sahara. Wargla and Touggourt are the most important oases yet occupied by France in the extreme south, and the tales we hear of those far-off desert-cities inflame us with an irresistible desire to visit at least one of them. We make inquiries as to the facilities for travel in the desert — the distance to Touggourt, the roads, the means of transport, and

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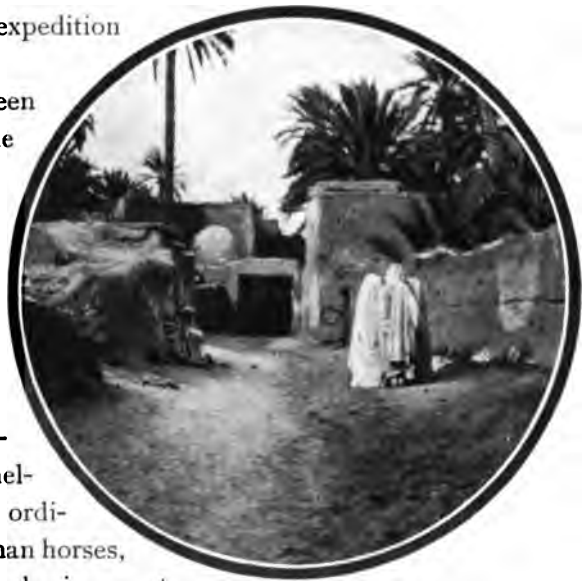
the time that such an expedition would require.

We learn that between Biskra and Touggourt lie about one hundred and fifty miles of sandy nothingness; that there is no road, only an ever-shifting trail; that to reach Touggourt on horseback without relays would require a week, on camel-back much longer; for ordinary camels are slower than horses, and racing camels or mehari cannot



MUD WALLS AND PALM-TREES

STREET OF OLD BISKRA

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be obtained at this season. But there is, they tell us, a quicker way. Every third morning the desert-mail leaves Biskra in a two-seated, three-horse wagon, a sort of desert *diligence*, which, thanks to eight relays of horses, accomplishes the journey in two long days of sixteen hours each.

To be sure, a wagon journey in the desert does not appeal to us, — it seems so shockingly prosaic. But a glimpse of one of the streets of native Biskra, so strangely beautiful, intensifies our interest in that other oasis — so far away — which must be even more strange, more African than anything in Biskra. And we resolve to go down deeper in the desert — to cross the sands in a four-wheeled ship. We make arrangements

STREETS AND STRUCTURES OF THE SAME MATERIAL

THE PALM TREES LOOK LIKE FEATHER DUSTERS IN A DUSTY LAND

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RACING SHIPS OF THE DESERT

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HENCE STARTS THE SAHARAN LIMITED MAIL

with the authorities of the postal-service to carry us to Touggourt, allow us two days there, and bring us back to Biskra, all within the week. We hope to find strange things out there upon the desert, but surely nowhere shall we find more lovely scenes, more passively beautiful pictures, than those presented by these Biskran byways into which we turn as we retrace our steps toward the French quarter. Why suffer the discomforts and fatigue of a journey in the desert, you may ask,

THE NORTH SHORE OF THE SANDY SEA

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when in a ten-minute stroll we may lose ourselves in this city of mud walls and towering palm-trees, this dream-city so silently impressive? Its very coloring is reposeful; the glare of whitewashed walls is wanting, and all is in tender greens and restful browns and yellows. True; but the love of the unknown, the desire for the unexpected, and the fever for novelty that is the torment of every traveler bid us leave Biskra and its comforts and seek more vivid impressions of desert life in regions where the telegraph and railway are not known. Accordingly we make our final preparations and retire early, for the courier wagon starts at three o'clock in the morning to profit by the coolness of the early hours. How unearthly was that departure of two half-awakened travelers, who in the silence of the desert night were whirled away from Biskra as from a final outpost of civilization into the unknown! When really awake to their surroundings, they find themselves far out upon the vast desert, where hour after hour three miserable animals drag the lumbering vehicle along

THE ROAD THAT GOES DOWN TO THE DESERT

SOUTHWARD BOUND

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the sandy trail, traced by former passings of the same clumsy conveyance. The driver, a rude Frenchman, converses in a guttural patois with the two Arab passengers who sit beside him, or shouts at his team, encouraging them with cries like those which savages might utter. Our fellow-passengers, reserved and proud like all their race, content themselves by rudely nodding at us. A vague apprehension soon takes possession of us. Already Biskra seems more than a thousand miles away. Even the arrival of the dawn does not raise our

WHAT WE SEE ALL DAY

spirits. To our surprise a cold biting wind springs up with the appearance of the sun. "Oh, what a cheerful expedition!" sighs my friend; "why did we start?" and I from the bottom of my chilled and cheerless soul echo his question. The harsh bells upon the horses' collars play an ear-racking, jangling music; now and then Arabs on foot, bound for Biskra, flit by like specters, while the vista on which we look out, though ever changing, remains ever the same: a waste of sand, here dotted with tiny clumps of sage brush,

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SHIPWRECKED IN THE SAHARA

there broken by little hillocks that look like nameless graves. "And we are to endure four days of this," sighs my friend;

PATCHING UP THE DIFFICULTY

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A SUNSHADE IN THE SAHARA

"four days absolutely devoid of incident!" but this mournful complaint is cut short by an incident which literally throws us into more cordial relations with our companions. An unusually deep rut is the cause of the catastrophe; the rear wheels, with a despairing creak, announce their intention of resting in the rut, while the front wheels and horses, with a praiseworthy ambition to get to Touggourt, continue to advance. Something has to give, and give it does, pitching us forward onto the necks of the startled Arabs, and unceremoniously dumping the driver head-first into the sand. We set to work after a few minutes of dismay, and aided by some passing travelers manage to repair the break with ropes and with straps. Then our desert ship proceeds. At every jog we expect a repetition of the accident, but fortunately the wagon holds together, and we gradually for-

WALKING AND TALKING

A "ROADSIDE TAVERN"

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NORTHWARD BOUND FOR THE SUMMER

get that our arrival in Touggourt on time depends upon the durability of a yard of rotten rope and a leather strap. We have now commenced an acquaintance with our two grave companions, and, with the driver as interpreter, carry on a very labored conversation, for unlike the city Arabs these do not speak the language of their conquerors.

At the request of the driver we frequently get out to lighten the wagon when the trail traverses stretches of unusually heavy sand. The elder of our fellow-travelers seems to take a liking to me. He does not speak a word of French ; my knowledge of Arabic is limited to seven words, but conversation never languishes. Mr. Lakdar ben Mamar rattles on in Arabic ; I reply in English, both enjoying immensely this interchange of thoughts. At any rate it is far better than keeping silence in this oppressive desert that seems like a dead ocean without a wave — without a murmur. I learn that this old gentleman, a veritable patriarch in bearing, is a wealthy money-lender, and that he is on his way to Touggourt to look after his investments.

A DATE-SHIP AWAITING CARGO

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The younger man, his eldest son, treats him with the utmost deference. "How rich is he?" I ask the driver. "Oh! very wealthy for a native; he must have at least 10,000 francs." Two thousand dollars! And we redouble our attentions to this desert Rothschild, and even go so far as to offer him a glass of our precious champagne, of which only one pint remains; certain that, being a Moslem, he will not dare accept. But alas! his courtesy overruled his prin-

HOBBLED

ciples, although thereafter he prayed long and fervently during every halt, bowing repeatedly toward Mecca.

Often throughout the day the painful sameness of our progress is relieved by the passing of some desert express composed of a train of Saharan sleeping-cars in which travel the veiled beauties of some kaid or agha, some chief of a nomad tribe. At the approach of summer the tribes inhabiting the oases make their way northward to the pastures on the high plateaux to escape the intense heat. Then Biskra

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witnesses the passing of an entire people, — the women, children, tents, and all their belongings borne on the backs of thirty thousand camels. Every year, on the appointed day in June, this huge confederation of the Algerian Sahara

By permission.

RACING CAMELS

rises up as one man, and with its horses, its loaded camels, its donkeys, its women, and its dogs commences a migration like those grand displacements of an entire population of which we read in ancient history.

Caravan after caravan files past the kaid of Biskra and wends its way through the gates of the desert and up to the cooler lands north of the Aurés Mountains. There they find pasture for their animals, for although during the greater part of the year the camel is assured of ample nourishment from the dry tufts of dusty green that appear like a sparse incipient beard on the bald face of the Sahara, there comes a time when even the marvelous chemistry of the camel's stomach cannot resolve dry brush into that flesh and blood

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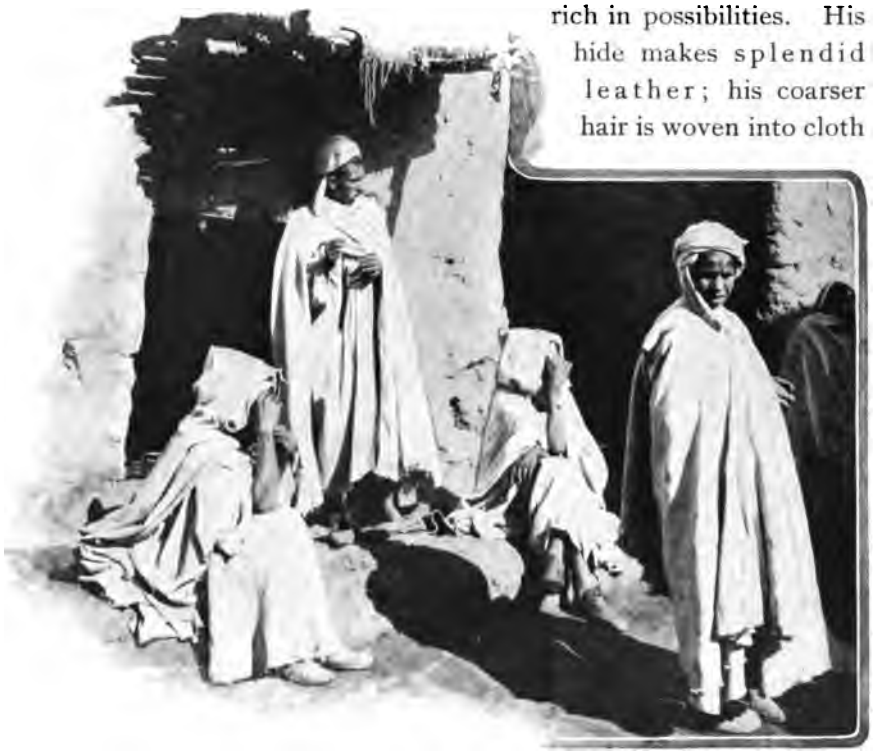
and strength on which the Arab owner makes such extravagant demands. The fact that these poor sad-faced brutes can travel thirty miles a day and carry loads weighing eight hundred pounds, and do it on such food as they can find en route, seems little short of marvelous. Moreover, the camel carries his own supply of water and provisions with him. He has been known to travel fifty miles a day for five successive days without drinking. His hump, we know, is not put on for picturesqueness' sake; it is the camel's luncheon basket! When on long journeys food cannot be had, he simply lives on his own hump by a mysterious process of absorption, reaching his destination with a flat, humpless back and a contented stomach. And even a dead camel is rich in possibilities. His hide makes splendid leather; his coarser hair is woven into cloth



SOAKED IN SUNSHINE

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for tents and garments; the finer quality, exported, comes to us in the form of dainty brushes; his flesh, they say, is just as good as beef, and his hump is famous as a gastronomic luxury. His bones only are disdained and left to float like wreckage on this yellow sea. Verily, the camel is a useful quadruped, meriting a happier fate!

As the sun mounts higher in the cloudless sky, the heat becomes intense. A flood of light submerges everything.

LAKE MELRHIR

Above us rolls an incandescent globe, scorching the atmosphere. Some one has said that "the sun is sovereign of these solitudes: a wandering sultan who will tolerate no life along his path, who devours the air and the clouds and the earth, and then when this monarch has destroyed all realities, he creates illusions to torment the traveler." A mirage is ever present on the horizon; lakes and mountains, groves of palms, form and dissolve as if nature were conducting a stereopticon lecture with the surface of the desert for a

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TO-DAY

screen. We see, however, one expanse of water that is no mirage; it is the Shott, or Lake, Melrhir, a shallow salty sea, two hundred miles in length, and at certain seasons less than three inches deep. Its bottom is of brackish mud, and emits an odor resembling that of garlic, due, we are told, to the presence of bromides in the stagnant mass. It is one of a series of similar lakes that stretches away eastward into the regency of Tunis. The French have proposed to flood this region, which lies below the level of the sea, by cutting a canal from the Gulf of Gabes and thus create an inland sea in the Sahara; but its extent would not be great, and its utility would be most doubtful.

We skirt for some miles the muddy shores of Shott Melrhir, then reach dry sand again, and finally halt for the night at the half-way station, where the realities of desert life again assert themselves. Unpromising indeed is this wayside restaurant in the Sahara. The advertisement of the establishment should read, "You bring the dinner, we do the rest." But fortunately we have brought a chicken — whose bones we leave to bleach upon the sand. The name of this place looks very simple when printed in black and white, but on being uttered by the natives with the correct Arabic pronunciation, it struck us

TO-MORROW

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as something a little beyond our powers. It is written "M'raier," and the uninitiated call it simply "Mariar," but in the deep throats of our traveling companions it becomes a sort of choking gasp, overtaken by a death rattle and smothered in a sand storm. To give you an idea of how it sounds on Arab lips, I can only say that if, as scientists assert, sounds can be photographed, the portrait of the name of this sand-surrounded hamlet would look not unlike the accompanying picture of the sole female inhabitant of the place.

"BORN TO BLUSH UNSEEN"

"At last we find her!" proclaims my friend. "It is she who, of all womankind, was born to 'blush unseen and waste her sweetness on the desert air!'" And again after a

"DELMONICO'S" IN THE DESERT

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Photograph by Emile Fréchon

THE SAHARA

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THE CHILL HOUR OF SUNRISE

second look, "No wonder that her husband feels compelled to live here, he must need lots of sand."

Next day we again begin our journey at that unearthly hour, 3 A. M. I need not say that slumber came easily to us the night before; that sixteen long hours of travel under a burning sun had produced a weariness which soon sent us to the land of dreams, — a land far less fantastic than the real world about us. Nor is it easy to shake off our weariness hours before the dawn. Yet at the first call we resolutely rise; all drowsiness fled before the awful fear of being left in such a place as "M'raier."

In the cold, still night, preparations for the start are quickly made. Two soldiers stationed at this place assist the driver; our Arab companions crouch silently against the wall; in the distance are two camels looking like belated ships far out from shore. But who can put in words the weirdness of those early morning hours, — the unearthliness of the sleeping desert? Who can describe the solemnity of the Saharan sunrise? First comes a palish, pinkish glimmer in the east, that grows and grows until the morning-star is touched by it, and at the touch expires; quickly the vapors gather, clouds come hurrying from some mysterious nowhere to meet at the horizon the blood-red monarch of the sky. For the space of an hour or more they restrain his violence and retard the coming of his fury upon the earth, where for a space coolness, nay, even actual cold, prevails. But presently we who a

A MILITARY CONVOY

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few moments since were suffering from cold begin to feel the heat waves rising from the sands to meet the flood of heat descending from on high. A little later and we are being grilled between two fires. In our day-dreams we imagine ourselves plants, gasping in a stifling hothouse,—a hothouse where the temperature is rising steadily and from which there is no escape. But ere this daily nightmare overtakes us, we pass, soon after sunrise, other travelers who like us are foreigners to this strange land. It is not a love of travel nor the promptings of curiosity that lead these men into the depths of Algeria. Stern duty drives, and many are the lonely,

CHANGING HORSES

homesick lads who spend the fairest years of youth convoying military stores from fort to fort or garrisoning some God-forsaken almost man-forsaken island of this sandy sea. Yet these military trains represent the march of civilization and of progress. Needless to say the troops are French.

An hour later there files solemnly past a caravan of camels bearing the materials for the construction of a European building, doors, windows, roof, and flooring ready fashioned, to be fitted together on arrival at Wargla or some remoter post. This reminds us that France is little by little introducing new things to the desert people and teaching them

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"A WAYSIDE INN"

valuable lessons of all kinds. True, these nomads of the Sahara have been very balky scholars, and many are the severe and even cruel chastisements to which their mistress has subjected them,—her conscience clear like that of a mother punishing rebellious children for their own future good. The camels of another caravan northward bound are freighted with huge sacks of dates; and dates, we know, are the wealth of Sahara. Without the date-palm, life in Sahara would be almost impossible; without the date-palm the commerce of the Algerian desert would amount to nothing; there would be no need for these long caravans, the occupation of the Arab and the camel would be gone. But the culture of the date-palm is, and will long remain, the most important interest of both the native and the colonist. This traffic in dates has assumed proportions that are surprising to the traveler. We meet every day dozens of similar caravans, and every one is bearing tons of dates to Biskra. Our route lies through one of the most

EUROPEAN HOUSES FOR THE SAHARAN WILDERNESS

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DOZENS OF DATE-LADEN CAMELS

interesting date-producing regions of Algeria, through a chain of oases known as the Oases of Oued Rirh,—islands of emerald in a sea of yellow sand,—dots of fertility in the valley of that celebrated river, the Oued Rirh. But you exclaim, "We see no river!" Nor is this strange. The river Rirh is not like other rivers. It is a river possessed of almost human cunning. Just as the Moors in Morocco hide their treasures in the earth lest they excite the cupidity of their sultan and invite a confiscation of their fortunes, so the Oued Rirh, knowing that the sun, the sultan of the desert, is thirsting for her treasure,

AN OASIS

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OASIS OF EL KANTARA

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dares not spread out her precious waters before his annihilating glance; instead, she hides them carefully beneath the sands. Far below the parched surface of the desert she has hollowed out an endless treasure cave, through which her silver waters safely glide. But to the poor dwellers in this thirsty land she has whispered her secret; they have been permitted to dig wells, to tap the precious flood and thus preserve their oases, their palm-trees, and their lives. It has, however, remained for the Frenchman to realize to the fullest extent the blessing of that concealed river. The native wells were naturally crude and often became choked at the source,

A PUEBLO AND A PALM GROVE

endangering the very existence of the oases. Often the angry sun has scorched the trees, reduced the habitations to dust and driven the people out, before the obstruction in the well could be removed by the primitive methods of the native divers. And these divers, called the R'tass, deserve an honorable mention. They form a semi-religious confraternity; their duties demand the exercise of superhuman courage, endurance, and unselfishness. They may be called the firemen of the oases; they fight the fires of heaven by releasing the waters strangled in the sand.

When the divers learn of a stoppage, or, as they say, the "blinding of the eye" of a well, they hasten to the point of danger. One of them strips and stops his ears

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AN ARTIFICIAL OASIS

with wax; then, filling his lungs with air almost to the bursting point, he disappears below the surface. I have myself seen the second-hand of my watch go round the dial four times before the diver reappeared. For four minutes he was out of sight beneath the waters; then up he came, bearing a basket filled with the mud that he had scooped away from the "blind eye" of the well one hundred and thirty feet below. This is repeated until the well begins to flow again. It is no wonder that the men of this order are looked upon as little short of saints. As I have said, their efforts are not always successful, and when the French military forces came, they called modern machinery to their aid and bored artesian wells, which greatly increased the productiveness of the oases. Then other Frenchmen came, speculators, visionaries, if you will, and, tempted by the possibilities of a scientific culture of the date, they formed a company, obtained from the French government extensive

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grants, stretches of the desert sand thought to be doomed to eternal sterility, and by means of artesian wells they have created new oases which excel the old in the richness and splendor of their vegetation. We make our noonday halt in the fresh coolness of one of these newly-risen isles of green. We see limpid waters well up from the thirsty soil and flow joyously through the tiny canals, carefully arranged for their proper distribution. The palm roots drink their fill and repay the labor of man a hundredfold in clusters of luscious fruit. Sometimes a single cluster will weigh as much as forty pounds, one tree producing in a season two hundred pounds of dates. The Arabs say that the date-palm can attain perfection only when living thus, with its feet bathed in cool waters, its head kissed by the fires of an incandescent sky. We do not wonder that dwellers in the desert love the date-palm. It is as great a blessing to them as the camel. It lives a hundred years; it gives them food and shelter; it gives them the gold of its fruit, which passes

BLACKER MEN AND TALLER TREES

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FACES NOT DEVOID OF EXPRESSION

current in all the markets of the world. And, when it ceases to produce, its sap is made into a mild kind of wine, the heart of the tree is eaten; the wood and root and leaves are used for fences and roofs, for mats and ropes and baskets. The inhabitants of these oases are a race of mulattoes distinct from other races of Algeria; they lack the surliness and the reserve of the coast races, and possess in some degree the affable disposition of the negro.

WHERE DATES ARE "HATCHED BY SUNSHINE"

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SPAHI BARRACKS AT TOUGGOURT

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But despite the interest of the journey itself, every mile of its infinitely varied monotony having for us the charm of novelty, we hail with delight the first glimpse of Touggourt's mosques and towers which distinctly outline themselves against a rosy sky just as the day is dying. Behind us lie more than one hundred and fifty miles of sandy trail, over which we must soon retrace our steps; but there before us is the capital of the Oued Rirh, the mysterious Touggourt, so

AT LAST THE TOWERS OF TOUGGOURT

vaguely mentioned in books of history or travel, so far from the trodden highways of the world. The last stage of the journey has been a long one, — thirty-five miles of deep yielding sand. Our weary animals, the fourth relay of the day, can barely crawl. Yet, once within the city-gates, they respond to the lash, and we make a most spirited entry into the market-place, — horses at full gallop, whip cracking, driver shouting, and a mob of natives giving chase to witness the arrival of the strangers at Touggourt's primitive hotel.

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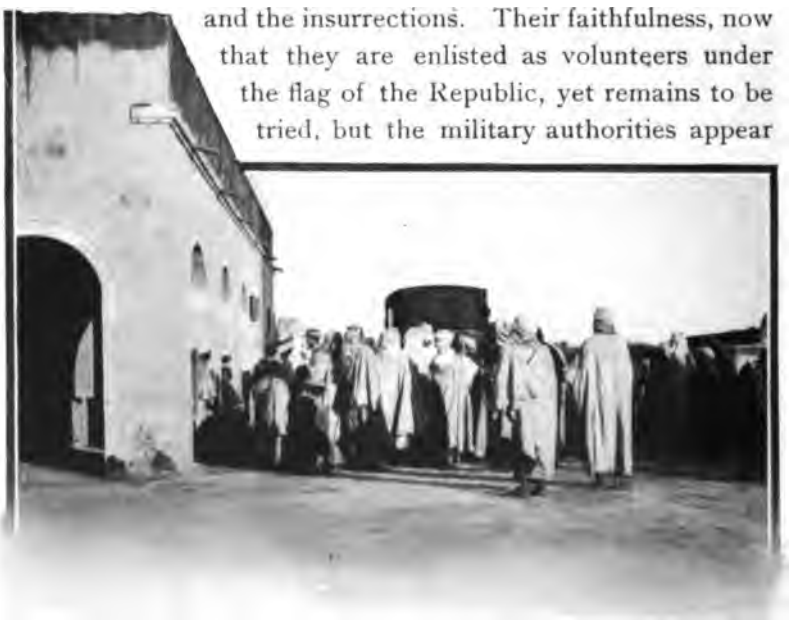
The hotel, of course, the only one in town, is called with an appropriateness that no one can dispute, "*L'Hôtel de l'Oasis.*" We find it very comfortable; its proprietor, a French colonist, assigns to us the two best rooms. We know they are the best, because there are but two guest-rooms in the establishment. There are no other guests, but we share the privileges of the table d'hôte with a number of French military officers, the postmaster, and the professor of the newly-established public school. That Touggourt is an important military post is attested by the splendid structure opposite the hotel. It is the barracks of the "Spahi" or the native cavalry.

The garrison of Touggourt is composed entirely of native soldiery, commanded by French officers. The infantry are known as "Turcos," and wear a Zouave uniform. The cavalry are known as "Spahis;" they wear the native dress, and form one of the most picturesque cavalry bodies in the world. Their horsemanship is world-famous, and their bravery has frequently been tested,—most frequently in fighting against the troops of France during the war of conquest and the insurrections. Their faithfulness, now that they are enlisted as volunteers under the flag of the Republic, yet remains to be tried, but the military authorities appear



Photograph by Nelson Ludington Barnes.

THE ARRIVAL OF A STRANGER

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THE SOUTHERN TERMINUS OF THE MAIL-COACH LINE

convinced of it except in case of a religious war. Against a common enemy these desert cavaliers would fight side by side with their French brothers, to the death, if need be; of this no doubt has ever been expressed. Across the market-place from the Spahi barracks is the walled enclosure or Kasbah, the fortified headquarters of the French commanding officer. From its midst rises a square tower, which, in case of an insurrection or revolt would be the only

CAFÉ AND HOTEL OF THE OASIS AT TOUGGOURT

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THE WHITE FOLK, UNMISTAKABLY FRENCH

means of communication with the outer world. Curious to investigate, we obtained from the military authorities a permit to send a telegram from that tower to Chicago. "A telegram?" you exclaim, "but there is no telegraph." And you are right, for Touggourt had not yet been reached by that ever-spreading network of electric wires which enmeshes almost the entire world. In the desert they still relied upon the optical telegraph at the time of our visit in the year of 1894.

THE SPAHI BARRACKS

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THE TOWER OF THE TELEGRAPH

A chain of towers, situated at intervals of from twenty to thirty miles, stretches southward from Biskra as far as Wargla, the last garrisoned oasis of the French. In each tower are two huge magic-lanterns, one pointing northward, the other southward. The lenses of these lanterns are provided with shutters, which open and close in response to a key on which the operator plays as on a telegraphic instrument. Thus at night news is flashed across the desert from tower to tower by intermitting rays of light. We climb the ladder-like

THE "OPTICAL TELEGRAPH" STATION

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LES TELEGRAPHISTES

stairs of the tower, and find four soldiers in the upper room busily transmitting the messages that come in letters of light from Wargla, one hundred and fifty miles below. We see our message also flashed into outer darkness, letter by letter. The men in the next tower twenty-five miles away read the dots and dashes of light through a telescope, record them, and then repeat them for the sake of accuracy.

To the northward we can see faint rapid flashes like glowings of a tiny fire-fly; these re-spell our message almost without an error. Thus from tower to tower it swiftly flies until, reaching Biskra, the electric current begins its work.

OPERATORS OF THE POSTE OPTIQUE

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A few hours later our telegram is delivered on the other side of the world, and the news, that we are safe and well at unheard-of Touggourt far out on the Sahara desert, is known to family and friends at home.

On awakening next morning we find that many of the caravans camped in the market-place over night have disappeared. When returning from the tower to the hotel the preceding evening, we had stumbled through acres of living

THE MARKET-PLACE OF TOUGGOURT

things, for the market-place was buried beneath a redolent mass of camels, donkeys, mules, men, women, and children, all jumbled together in confusion. The crews of the various caravans had arranged shelters by piling up boxes and bales of merchandise, and in the nooks between heaps of date-sacks and bolts of Manchester cottons they busied themselves during the early evening in cooking frugal suppers over tiny fires. We were lulled to sleep by the heavy breathing of that multitude and by the causeless groanings of a hundred

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SHELTERED FROM THE SUNSHINE

camels. But long before dawn the Arabs stole away, not, however, with folded tents, for they had none, nor silently, for a veritable bedlam of human cries, cruel blows, and animal complaints attended their departure. When some hours later we make a round of the market-place, we find it animated with the local business of the day. There are venders of all sorts of things from German glassware, gaily decorated, to grilled grasshoppers. The latter are served hot to passing epicures who may be seen meditatively nibbling at the delicious morsels in a shady corner.

A merciless sun beats down upon the just and unjust; but the hotter becomes the day the more snugly do the natives wrap around them their hooded garments, which keep out heat as well as cold. Above the rude arcades that surround the square rise the bright green tips of Touggourt's

"MILLIONS IN IT"

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A HARDWARE STORE IN TOUGGOURT

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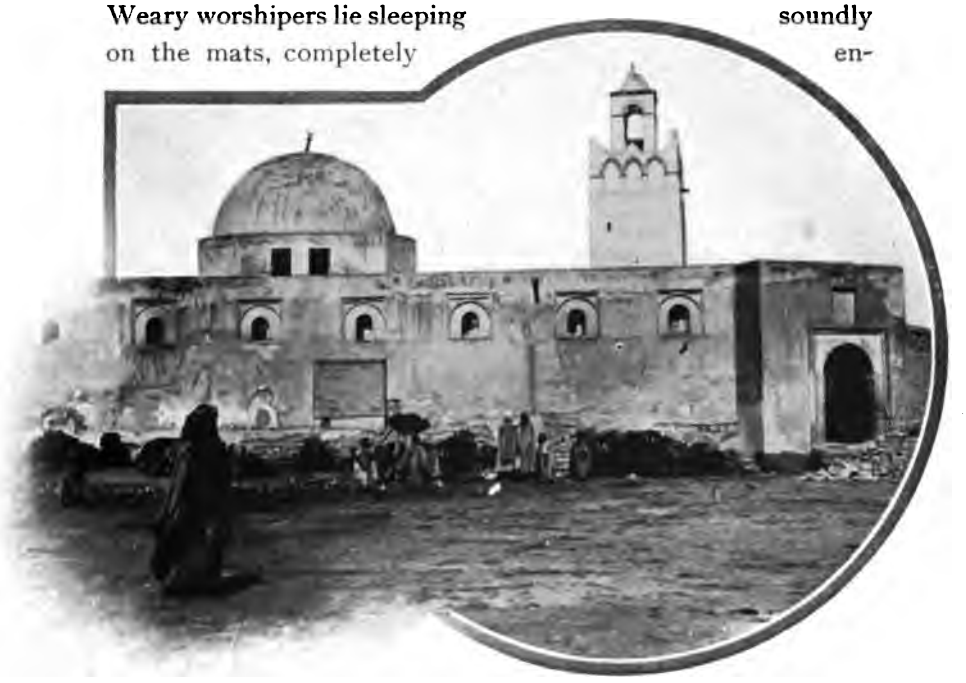
two hundred thousand palm-trees, upon the welfare of which depends not only the wealth but the very existence of the community. The detail of the business carried on is even more minute than in Biskra, and the tiniest transactions are treated with imposing seriousness by the stately merchants. We observe two very young business men putting their heads together over a most engrossing affair, a red fez cap being the focus of their attention. I have said that in the average Arab's dress there is a dignity beyond compare ; may I be permitted to add that there is something that is less passive than dignity? From the intentness with which these little chaps are looking into the hat business they evidently believe that there are "millions in it." One of the two seems to say, "I 've got him "; an assurance that is belied by the doubting expression of the other's chubby toes. Leaving the little hunters to their task of extermination, we seek the coolness and silence of the mosque, where there reigns a peace and freshness as grateful as that of a thick grove of palms. Weary worshipers lie sleeping soundly on the mats, completely en-



THE MOSQUE

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IN THE MOSQUE

shrouded in their flowing garments. Above our heads are delicate arabesques, their tinting hidden by thick coats of whitewash. In the town there are as many as twenty mosques, surely a liberal supply for a population of but seven thousand people. These seven thousand Touggourtines may be said to live in one great house of many chambers; for the residential part of Touggourt is a vast irregular pile of sun-dried bricks, honeycombed with narrow streets burrowed out like rabbit holes beneath the mass of dwellings. The thoroughfares are simply tunnels pierced in the ground floor of a two-story apartment house and lighted from above. At mid-day they are as cool as cellars, at night black and still as catacombs. Strange figures haunt the passages, reclining on ledges of masonry provided for the comfort of dreamy idlers. As we make our way through this maze of light and shadow, our reception by the people is not a disagreeable one, for there are a dozen smiles, a dozen "salamas" and greetings to

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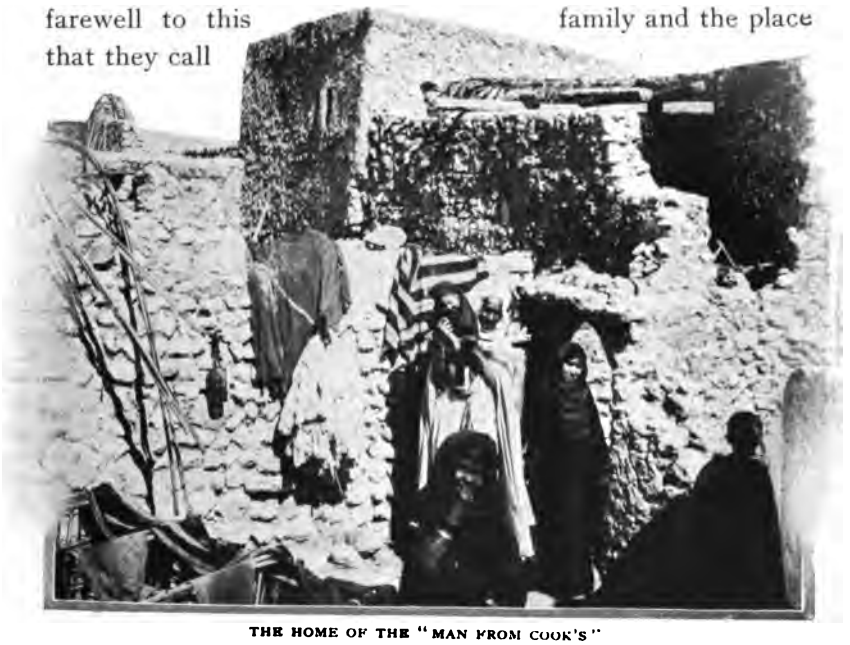
every frown or sneer. The "Christian dog" is not as cordially hated here as in the towns nearer the coast. Our local guide, a forerunner of the "Man from Cook's," is a well-known citizen, who speaks just a little French. He invites us into his abode, and leading us to his house-top, presents us to his wives and children. What misery, what discomfort, and what dirt! It is only the dryness of the desert air that keeps the pestilence at bay. In these hovels there is no comfort; the rooms are windowless and dark, the terrace on the house-top is by day almost intolerable, baked as it is by the fiery rays of the desert sun. The sin of envy is far from us as we say farewell to this family and the place that they call

THE "MAN FROM COOK'S"



THE HOME OF THE "MAN FROM COOK'S"

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CONTENT WITH HIS CRUDE TOYS

home. Think what babyhood and childhood must be when passed amid surroundings such as these! Not to be envied are the children of this metropolis of the Oued Rirh. No wonder that in later years they find a comfort in the fatalism of the Moslem creed. There is a great work here for the missionaries of medicine if not for those of religion. Ridiculous superstition prevents fond parents from brushing away from the inflamed eyelids of their children the swarms of flies that cluster there. These flies thus become the messengers of disease and pain; the germs of ophthalmia are thus thoroughly disseminated, and total blindness results with shocking frequency. To many of these children the dazzling glory of the desert day will soon be nothing more than the blackest night.

Barbarous indeed are many of the medical practices of these people. The barber is also the doctor, and the remedy for all the ills that flesh is heir to

Photograph by Nelson Ludington Barnes
THE DRAGOMAN OF THE HOTEL

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BARBAROUS BARBERS

is a bleeding, crudely performed at the back of the neck. The stolid indifference with which the victim undergoes his sufferings bespeaks a martyr's spirit, nor does his suffering friend who is waiting for the barber to say "next" evince any sympathy for him.

Turning from this unpleasant spectacle we are confronted by two gentlemen in gorgeous array, who beg us in broken French to take a stroll with them in the suburbs. We accept the invitation and presently find ourselves "in the suburbs." The object of our companions in enticing us to a decidedly vacant lot is not robbery but a desire to be photographed. They confess that they have never had their pictures taken. They had just arrayed themselves in their best clothes in the hope of tempting us to photograph them. This remote spot has been selected to avoid the undesirable notoriety that would result should their more orthodox Moslem fellow-citizens witness the sinful picture-making, and report this breach of the command, "Thou shalt not make to thyself the likeness of any living thing," a command obeyed to the letter by the

TRYING TO PLAY

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TWO GENTLEMEN OF TOUGGOURT

vast majority of the Prophet's followers. It is a strange fact that many of these people are utterly unable to distinguish anything in a photograph or drawing. Mohammed having prohibited the reproduction of the human form, the Arab eye, deprived of any hereditary training, makes out nothing in a design or picture that is not colored. A Frenchman tells us that on one occasion he showed a picture of two little babies to an Arab. The latter holding it upside-down and thinking it must be a portrait of the Frenchman's wife, remarked, "She is indeed a beautiful woman!"

On our return to town, as we pass a café, we are hailed by our fellow-traveler of the mail-wagon, Mr. Lakdar ben Mamar. He is calmly sipping his coffee, surrounded by a coterie of friends. Graciously he bids us join the party, at the same time commanding the servant to provide two more cups of the thick delicious Arab beverage. Some of his friends know a few words of French, and we are plied with

TWO SWELLS IN THE SUBURBS

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many curious questions. Then we show a series of large photographs of the Chicago Exposition. At first they hold them upside-down, then side-wise, and even when we turn them right-side up, the puzzled furrows in the Arabs' brows are not smoothed out. The photographs mean almost nothing to them, — that is, with one exception. By dint of careful explanations we manage to convey to the mind of one of these, a vague conception of the meaning of the picture of the

"AT FIRST SKEPTICAL CONCERNING FOREIGN MAGIC"

Ferris Wheel. The enlightened one then hastens to explain to the rest that the Ferris Wheel is one of the American railway trains, in which the Americans go whirling across their mighty continent from coast to coast. Naturally his hearers are left speechless with amazement. Taking advantage of their perturbed state of mind, we perform a few old conjuring-tricks to further mystify them. Queer facial expressions are the result of my having swallowed a five-franc piece. Then I proceed to find five-franc pieces in every-

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Photograph by Nelson Ludington Barnes
FINDING COPPERS IN THEIR RAGS

body's clothes. News of this goes abroad; it brings a swarm of beggars down upon us, and henceforth prudence counsels me to find nothing more valuable than copper coins. Of course these are claimed by the people in whose dirty rags I pretend to find them. Loudly they sing the praises of my mystic power and my generosity; many are the volunteers eager to submit to my profitable laying-on of hands. And all this time the throng is growing. The report is spread that two great "Marabouts," or wonder-

CONVICTION OF OUR OCCULT POWER GROWS

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workers, are in town ; that miracles are being done ; that the poor find money in their hands ; that the rags of the blind have begun to exude precious metals. The sleight-of-hand performance threatens to win for us a very dangerous popularity. A delegation of citizens, headed by a butcher's boy, presents itself to beg the American wonder-workers to repeat a few of their miracles for the benefit of late-comers. We are kept busy swallowing coins, pulling them out of turbans

AMUSED ON-LOOKERS

and burnooses, making the jack of spades jump out of the pack, and mending holes in flowing garments from which we have apparently cut small bits of cloth. That we successfully deceived the simple audiences requires no further proof than that afforded by their black faces on which amazement and amusement are painted with convincing force. We are saluted as supernatural beings ; we are followed everywhere by a patient crowd demanding a sign, and we continue to give "signs" until our repertory is exhausted. We almost

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A STORY-TELLER AND HIS AUDITORS

ruined the local amusement enterprises. The story-tellers and snake-charmers saw their audiences melt away whenever we appeared. Crowds forsook the old favorites, and flocked to witness the feats performed by the mysterious strangers who did *not* take up a collection. But, seriously, our simple magic did make a profound impression. The Arab does not look for trickery. That which he cannot understand he regards as a miracle. The man who performs the miracle must be a holy man. Hence we are "holy men" and worthy of respect. It was a result of this reputation for sanctity that we were almost forced by the people to set out next morning for the neighboring oasis of Temaçin, the abode of the most famous holy man, or Marabout, of South Algeria.

I cannot say that the animals chartered for the journey were of pure Arab blood. I know only that my charger struck no happy medium between a slow painful walk and a furious maddening gallop — far more painful, as I realized

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next day and continued to realize all the way back to civilization. We talk of the lasting impressions of travel. I thoroughly believe in them. We were urged to undertake this excursion to Temaçin by friends of the Great Marabout who holds his court there in the Zaouia of his fathers. Word had been sent to him that two infidel wonder-workers were on their way to prove their powers in his august presence. Herrmann the Great about to appear at court before the Akound of Swat or the Rajah of Paralakimidi, was never more anxious about the result of a performance than were we as we coursed over the smooth stretches of desert sand or filed between the wind-created hillocks on our way to

THE TUNNEL-LIKE STREETS OF TOUGGOURT

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Temaçin. And as after an exhilarating gallop we entered the dilapidated gate of Temaçin in the wake of a train of laden camels, we wonder if we shall emerge triumphant or be chased out as impostors by a deceived and angry holy man. Perhaps the old, old tricks which have amused the ignorant will be but child's play to this man who, to retain his wonderful influence over the desert tribes — to exact such willing tribute from them — certainly must be intelligent, possibly wise, at least a cunning man familiar with deceptions. Filled with forebodings that our mission will surely prove ridiculous, we approach the Zaouia or headquarters of the religious fraternity, of which the man we are to visit is the head and chief.

SUBURBAN LIFE

We find in the courtyard a group of visitors awaiting an audience with the holy personage.

We know that the Marabout is the grandson of a saintly hermit who led an austere life here in the desert and gained a great renown for sanctity. When the old hermit died, he bequeathed to his descendants a valuable inheritance; to wit, his reputation for holiness and his poor old bones. The reputation was priceless; the bones were worth their weight in gold, as subsequent events have proved. His descendants have exploited grandfather's bones in a highly civilized and profitable manner. A few choice miracles, a little judicious advertising, and behold! the entire region for hundreds of

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Photograph by Nelson Ludington Barnes
ENROUTE TO TEMACIN

miles around becomes tributary to the Zaouia in which the bones have been enshrined. Gifts and offerings pour in upon the happy possessors of the saintly skeleton, until today the fortune of the family amounts to no less than a million francs, invested partly in gilt-edged real estate and mortgages. Nor have the offerings of the pious yet decreased in volume, nor is the prestige of the Marabout upon the wane; for when the sacred personage condescends to come into the courtyard to receive us, many of the natives press forward to kiss the hem of his garment, or rather the ragged edge where the hem ought to be. I regret to say that his complexion would instantly debar him from the privileges of a first-class hotel in any of the southern states, but his name and address would certainly look well on the pages of any hotel register.

THE TOWN OF TEMACIN

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He gives us a cordial grasp of the hand, an honor rarely paid to Christians by a strict Mohammedan. We, not to be outdone in courtesy, follow the Arab custom, and, after

SIDI MOHAMMED EL AÏD BEN SIDI ALI BEN SIDI EL HAJ ALI TEJANI

MARABOUT DE LA ZAOUIA DE TEMELLAT-TEMAÇIN
CERCLE DE TOUGGOURT

PROVINCE DE CONSTANTINE
ALGERIE

having touched his sacred palm, devoutly raise our own fingers to our lips and kiss them. These little politenesses accomplished, we follow his holiness into the mosque to look upon the tomb containing those income-yielding bones of the

WAITING VISITORS AT TEMAÇIN

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great ancestor. Then we are conducted to the private apartments of the Marabout. Through an interpreter we are bidden to remain for luncheon. We accept the invitation.

"HOW ARE YOU?"

Words fail to tell of our surprise on entering the boudoir of our holy host. We had pictured to ourselves a sanctum sanctorum, containing possibly a prayer-mat and a copy of the Koran. We find instead a cozy den filled with the creations of the instalment-plan furniture dealer. Let me recite a catalogue of these incongruities. There was one tall clock, two cuckoo clocks, and five other clocks, each marking a different hour; there was a looking-glass, a settee, and a table, — all from the Bon Marché of Paris; there were — Oh, shade of Mohammed! photographic likenesses of living forms, selected from the collections in the windows of the Rue de Rivoli; there was a kerosene lamp like those which sometimes hang above the table d'hôte in five-franc-per-day pensions; and last and greatest wonder of them all, a lonely gas-fixture, complete with its wall-bracket, burner, and globe. Our host proudly takes it down to show it to us, for it is merely hung upon a hook. There are no

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IN THE DEN OF THE MARABOUT

pipes, no conduits, and no gas-works within five hundred miles. And then, just as the servant brings in the first course of an interminable feast, our host touches off a Swiss-music box, which rattles out rollicking measures of the Boulanger March.

The luncheon was very palatable, although prepared in a kitchen that was, to say the least, unpretentious. No fewer than fourteen courses were served; some of them native dishes and some of them European, such as sardines, tinned meats, and English biscuits. To our surprise wine was produced, and the saintly lips were very often moistened with the forbidden nectar. It is no sin, however, for Marabouts to drink, for every faithful follower understands that wine on passing the lips of a saint instantly

SIDI MOHAMMED EL AÏD BEN SIDI ALI, ETC., ETC., ETC.

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becomes as pure and harmless as the milk of a goat. Nevertheless after the third bottle we deemed our host in a mood to appreciate our miracles; we commenced. It is not meet for me to relate the success that attended our sleight-of-hand performance under the very nose of the great Algerian wonder-worker. Modesty forbids the telling of the saintly awe or of the expressions of consternation, delight, confusion, and perplexity that overspread the dusky countenance of our

WAITING TO SEE THE HOLY MAN

kind host, as one by one our miracles were worked before him. When I caught dollars in the air, found them in his turban, drew them forth from loaves of bread, or changed them into hundred-franc gold pieces, he grew so enthusiastic over my financiering that he was on the point of offering me a position as treasurer to the confraternity. When I cut a big hole in his own burnoose and at once by means of fire patched it perfectly, he almost began to fear that he would

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A BEAUTY-SPOT IN THE SAHARA

be deposed and we, the strangers, be declared more worthy of the guardianship of his venerated grandpapa's bones. I know he felt relieved when, our visit finished, we rode away through the dilapidated thoroughfares of Temaçin.

At parting he said with sincerity in his tone, "You must indeed be great saints in your own country." When we shook hands for the last time, *he* kissed *his* fingers. It will be many a long day before that African Marabout forgets the visit of the American saints who hailed from a city called Chicago — not

BERBERS AND BARRELS

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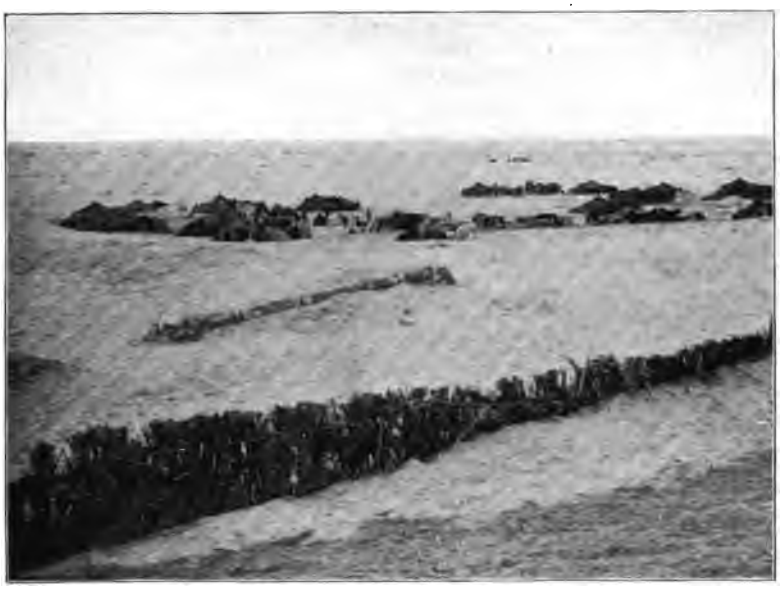
locally renowned for its sanctity. In proof that he has not forgotten, I receive every January a card on which is printed, "Respectful compliments of Sidi Mohammed el Aïd ben Sidi Ali ben Sidi el Haj Ali Tejani Marabout de la Zaouia de Temellat-Temaçin," etc.

Filled with the proud consciousness of having made the name of Chicago honored and respected in this far region of the world, we make our way through the outskirts of this oasis



A SUBURBAN SETTLEMENT

of Temaçin, one of the most beautiful that we have seen, for — unique luxury — it boasts a tiny lake. Surrounded by groves of date-producing palms, fanned by a delicious evening breeze, with sparkling waters at our feet, we exclaim: "Can it be possible that this lovely spot is a part of the Sahara desert?"

Yet true it is, and there are many spots as fair upon that desolate expanse. The Sahara desert nourishes upon its sandy breast a population of two and a half millions of souls. In other words, a population equaling in number that of Paris

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is scattered over this vast waste place of Africa which has an area of 3,500,000 square miles — an area almost as great as that of the entire continent of Europe. From the little we have seen of this accursed region — this useless quarter of our globe — we can gain no conception of its vastness. But we cannot fail to be impressed with the unearthly silence of the sandy valleys through which we pass as we return toward Touggourt; or oppressed by the thought that beyond the

MYRIADS OF GRAVE-LIKE MOUNDS

nearest hills are other hills *ad infinitum*, hills so like that we might lose ourselves by merely wandering a hundred yards from the well-marked camel trail; that beyond those other hills are plains of sand and sage-brush, more piles of drifted sand, vast stretches of pebbly, gravelly soil, mountains of barren rock, — some of them rising eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, — and plains more barren still, sunk below the ocean's level — unmeasured miles of shifting sands — baked by the rays of a merciless, brazen sun, or tormented

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by fierce winds, hot as a furnace blast, that heap up waves of sand and bury passing caravans. And the people who dwell in the midst of all this silent horror, are they not to be pitied? Cut off from civilization, ignorant, filthy, sick; their very existence often one long malady, mental, moral, and physical; their only earthly aspirations, sufficient food to sustain their miserable lives, a Bedouin tent beneath which to burn by day, to freeze by night. Yet the meanest of them

WHERE FRANCE BURIES HER DEAD IN THE DESERT

consider themselves immeasurably superior to us. They say, "You people of the Great West, you have been favored with many blessings, great ships, great wealth, a thousand wonderful things most useful to people who live such hasty, restless lives; but to us Allah — praised be his name! — has given that which is above all this, he has given us the precious jewel of the 'True Belief.' This is our glorious heritage."

The desert night is closing in as we approach the sandy hills of Touggourt. Just as the sun sinks below the horizon,

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we pass the cemetery of the French, its outer walls almost completely buried in the drifted sand — a few of its graves kept clear by loving hands. On one of the little wooden crosses is rudely painted, "Here lies little Eugéne, a soldier, regretted by his comrades." "Little Eugéne, a soldier," a noble epitaph! "Regretted by his comrades," a frank and simple eulogy. And this soldier is only one of the many who have died far from home in the cause of civilization. Only the pure waters of such sacrifices can fertilize this sterile ground, only the unselfish efforts of civilized man reclaim from barbarism the Great Sahara. Reclaim the Sahara! a mighty work! yet one already undertaken by the French. When railways shall connect Algiers with Senegal, Biskra with the Sudan, with Lake Chad, and Timbuctu, when instead of by scores we may count by thousands the oases created by the sinking of artesian wells; when education through its schools — one of which exists to-day in Touggourt — shall have dispersed the clouds of superstition, then may we look for a new era. Then shall man have triumphed over the curse of desolation, which since the beginning of the world has bound suffering Africa in its awful embrace, robbed her of her chance in the great race of the continents, made her a land abhorred, her people, savages, and her hopeless state a reproach to the enlightened nations of the earth.

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THE PLAZA DE TOROS OF SEVILLE

Where horror flaunts itself in the sweet sunshine of the south—where scenes of blood and slaughter inebriate and hold enthralled vast concourses of passionate spectators—where brave men risk their pampered lives for the plaudits of the multitude and the princely pay of their profession—where dauntless thoroughbreds of the bovine race fight like tortured furies to the death—where trembling bloodmaddened equine victims find a quick dramatic end to their prosaic lives of toil—where now and then some famed Espada, idol of all Spain, meets suddenly the death that he has courted all his life.

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SOUTHERN SPAIN

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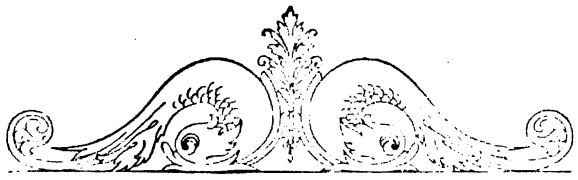
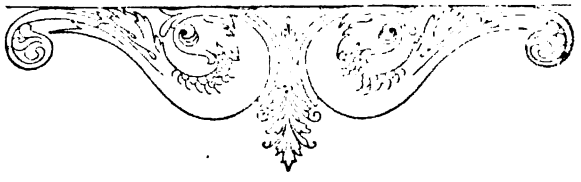


THE PLAZA DE TOROS OF SEVILLE

Where horror flaunts itself in the sweet sunshine of the south where scenes of blood and slaughter fascinate and hold enthralled vast concourses of passionate spectators—where brave men risk their pampered lives for the plaudits of the multitude and the princely pay of their profession—where dauntless thoroughbreds of the bovine race fight like tortured heroes to the death—where trembling blindfolded equine victims find a quick dramatic end to their prosaic lives of toil- where now and then some famed *Espada*, idol of all Spain, meets suddenly the death that he has courted all his life.

SOUTHERN



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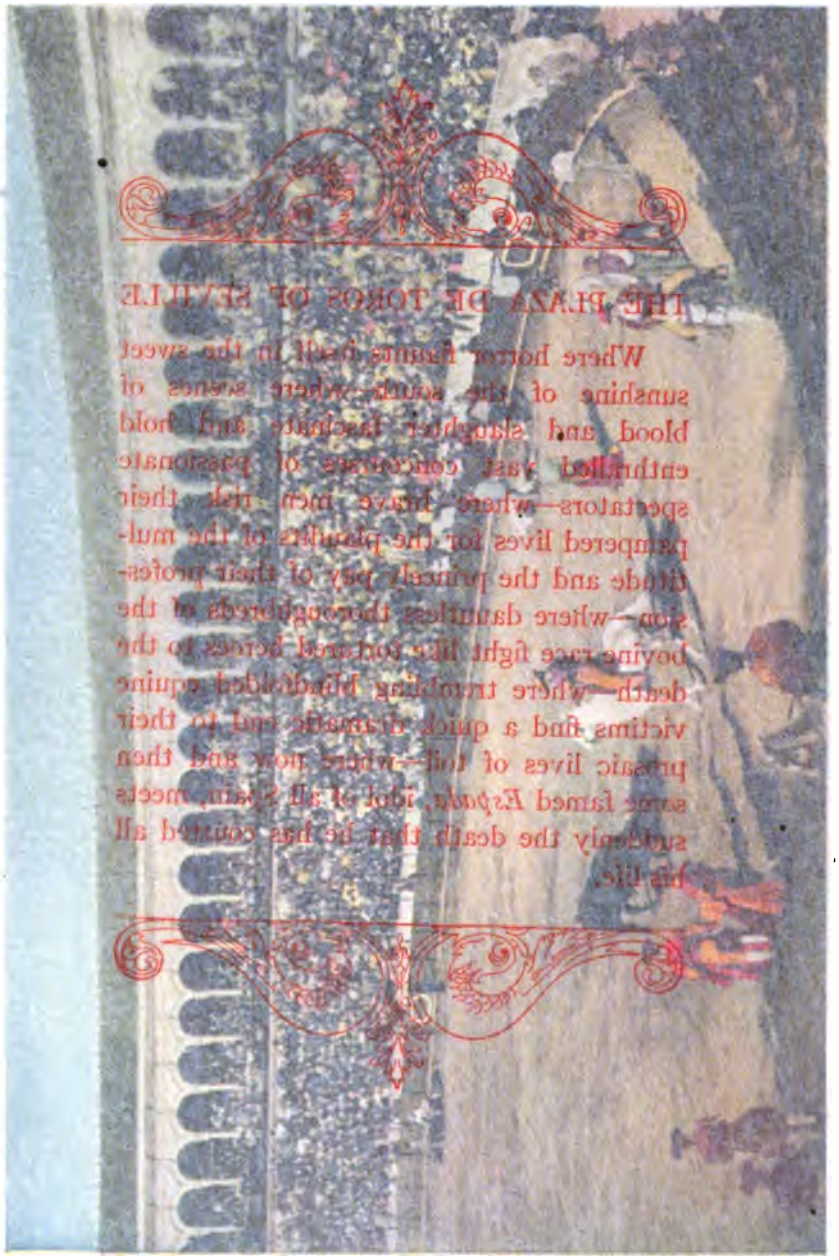

THE PLAZA DE TOROS OF SEVILLE.

Where horror flaunts itself in the sweet sunshine of the south—where scenes of blood and slaughter fascinate and hold enthralled vast concourses of passionate spectators—where brave men risk their pampered lives for the plaudits of the multitude and the princely pay of their profession—where dauntless thoroughbreds of the bovine race fight like tortured furies to the death—where trembling bloodmaddened equine victims find a quick dramatic end to their prosaic lives of toil—where now and then some famed Espada, idol of all Spain, meets suddenly the death that he has courted all his life.

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SOUTHERN SPAIN

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Southern Spain

IT IS a remarkable fact that Spain, the proud land under whose flag the first ships sailed across the broad Atlantic to our shores, should now lie almost untouched by the great tide of travel from America. Spain dared and did the most to transform the mysterious western ocean from a place of vague terrors into a mighty highway for the commerce of two worlds, and yet her seaports now play no important parts as termini for transatlantic steamship lines, nor is it possible to reach them save by circuitous voyages or in inferior ships.

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ENGLAND'S FAMOUS ROCK

One of the main currents of trade and travel reaches Europe through the ports of England, France, and Germany; the other flows through the Gibraltar Straits and rolls on toward the Orient. The traveler who would visit Spain must therefore enter by a French or British doorway; he must either cross the Pyrenean border from the south of France, or, landing at Gibraltar, braving the stare of British guns, enter the lovely province of Andalusia with the music of "God save the King" echoing in his ears.

My first impression of the land of the Hidalgo and of the Don was the never-to-be-forgotten vision of Gibraltar arising from the deep. Though dimly seen in the first flush of dawn, the rock at once impresses us a thing to be

GIBRALTAR

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feared, respected, and admired. Of that mighty chain of fortresses by means of which England binds her Oriental conquests firmly to her island throne, Gibraltar is the grandest link. Slowly, almost respectfully, our ship approaches the place of anchorage.

Gibraltar was in ancient times regarded as one of the pillars of Hercules, and it then bore the name of Calpe. It

CLOUD-CAPPED

takes its present name from the Arab conqueror Tarik, whose followers called it "Gebel-al-Tarik" or the "Hill of Tarik." The year 711 marked its passing into the hands of Moslem, who, by caprice of fate, were led to dedicate it to the "God of Peace," as is proved by an inscription found in their old castle mosque. In 1309 it was taken from the Moors; in 1333 recovered by them. A century and a half later the Spaniards again took possession, only to surrender

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ARRIVING TRAVELERS

Gibraltar to the English in 1704, during the War of the Succession. George I, then King of England, willed to give up what was considered by his nation "a barren rock, an insignificant fort, a useless charge."

Britain, however, decided to retain this little slice of Spain, and twice gallantly repulsed the advances of the Spanish. Then came the memorable siege begun in 1779

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THE GIBRALTAR MOLE

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CLYDE FITCH WAITING FOR THE TANGIER BOAT

The rock withstood for four long years the combined attacks of French and Spanish fleets and armies. The famous floating batteries launched against it, were rendered useless or destroyed by British guns. The rock turned back the onslaught of two nations as calmly as it to-day breaks the fury of the waves harmlessly beating round its base. Gibraltar has been converted by the English into one of the strongest fortified places in the world. The celebrated "rock galleries" are cut in the cliff that rears itself from the flat neck of ground connecting Gibraltar with the mainland. From the windows of the tunnels and cells with which that rock is honeycombed, huge cannon glare out upon the land-approach, and so challenge grimly the whole peninsula of Spain.

BRITONS, MOORS, AND SPANIARDS

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FROWNING TOWARD SPAIN

Landing, we see above us the Moorish Castle, said to be the oldest Arabian structure in all Spain. Below it clings the modern town, both of them dominated by the granite mass of the rock itself. The higher portion of the rock is forbidden ground. One of the pinnacles is crowned by the semaphore tower, where the passing of every ship is signaled. These peaks are haunted by a band of apes, existing in a state of savagery, but in whose welfare the crew of this aerial station takes much interest. In 1860 the monkeys were reduced by disease to a meager dozen; now the band numbers about fifty members. As an instance of the careful record of the inhabitants of Gibraltar kept by the British authorities, the men of the signal station have orders instantly to report by telephone to the governor's palace whenever it is observed that the

FROM TANGIER

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ALGECIRAS

simian population has been increased by the arrival of a baby monkey.

Near the summit, so we are told, there are concealed mighty cannon which perfectly and at all times command the strait; for even though the peaks be wrapped in clouds, the cannon may be turned upon a passing ship, the human eye that judges the distances and the angles, and the hand that directs the aim being near the water's edge. Electricity does the rest. Thus from the very

MEN OF THE CIVIL GUARD

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clouds Gibraltar may — like Jove himself — hurl down unerring bolts. Enough, however, of this grim portal of sunny Spain. Let us leave England's fortress, and after a delightful sail across the bay, set foot on Spanish soil at Algeciras, the terminus of the railway. Not many years ago the traveler was forced to journey from Gibraltar northward in a diligence, but this new line of steel has rendered easy of access

A FORMIDABLE FRAGMENT OF GIBRALTAR

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OLD FORTIFICATION

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the fairest and most interesting regions of the south of Spain. We find awaiting us a Spanish railway train belonging to the *Compañia de Ferro Carriles Andaluces*. The sun is beating fiercely upon the asphalt platform, and we hastily ensconce ourselves within a stuffy carriage wherein we find already lodged two women and two men, who, like all travelers, look with disfavor upon intruding fellow-passengers.

The train now starts, and as from the windows we look out across the bay to where Gibraltar's mass slowly changes shape as we progress, we are disturbed by the precipitate

SPANISH CUSTOM-HOUSE

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SEARCHED!

arrival in our compartment of an employee of the railway who has worked his way along the foot-board on the outside of the moving train from car to car. He silently salutes our Spanish companions, gives us a look of searching scrutiny, and then, as if assured of our neutrality, with the utmost self-possession he begins to take from his pocket sundry packages, which give forth the fragrant odor of tobacco. Our fellow-travelers, as if they understood what is required of them, rise and lift up the cushions of their seats, while our mysterious visitor neatly lays upon the uncovered boards dozens of packages of cigarettes, cigars, and pipe tobacco which he rapidly produces

LOOKING FOR TOBACCO

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DURING A STOP

not only from his huge capacious pockets but also from his hat, the inside of his waistcoat, his shirt, his sleeves, nay, even from his boots and trouser-legs. The forward settee being covered with a layer of tobacco, we rise, obligingly, while our seat is in a like manner reupholstered with a dozen pounds of dutiable weed. Then finally, after replacing the cushions, the smuggling guard departs with an engaging smile, but without a word, trusting—not vainly—in our silence. And as at the next station we watch the Spanish venders of provisions, we see in almost every mouth a cigarette. Given the national love of nicotine, it is small wonder that the vicinity of the free port of Gibraltar should prove a profitable

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ANDALUSIAN EXPRESS

ground for small-scale smuggling; in fact, it is said that everybody smuggles in this region, that every train carries into Spain a store of contraband tobacco. Our car, side-tracked at night in some interior city, will be ransacked by accomplices of the clever guard. This is but one of the

ON THE SPANISH LINE

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THE SUMMITS OF GIBRALTAR

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innumerable means of carrying on free trade in a protected land. Another and a clever one is practiced near Gibraltar, where Spanish dogs with loads of contraband tobacco tied to them, are loosed upon the neutral ground and naturally run for home, usually getting safely past the sentinels and customs spies upon the Spanish line. Sometimes, however, they

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HOUSETOPS IN GIBRALTAR TOWN

are caught, — but little good does the government derive from the capture, for the tobacco is confiscated by the sentries for their own consumption. The railway smuggling is carried on despite the watchfulness of the Civil Guard, two members of which excellent corps are invariably upon the platform of every station. This *Guardia Civil* has done more than any other body to establish order in the land. Its personnel is composed of men of highest character; they

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THE VEGA AND THE PALISADES OF RONDA

are wholly uninfluenced by political interests. They are a class of men apart. They possess a broad sense of their own worth and responsibility — so broad that, familiar with the uncertainties of Spanish law, they do not hesitate to make assurance doubly sure by shooting on the spot, such criminals as may be taken red-handed in crime; nor is it unusual for them to dispose, by premeditated accident, of those of whose guilt there is no moral doubt.

But to resume our journey. Let me lead you now to a city which, until this railroad was completed, was but little known and seldom visited by foreigners. Ronda is the name of this most picturesquely situated city, and Ronda is certainly destined to be included in the itinerary of every future traveler in southern Spain. There is but one Ronda in Spain, just as in Algeria there is but one Constantine; and those who have visited with me the Wonder City of Algeria cannot fail to be struck by the resemblance between it and

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the cliff-perched city now before us. Both cities tower a thousand feet above the plain, both boast a gorge of awful depth and a bridge of grand proportions and imposing height. Both have been Arab strongholds, both captured after many fruitless efforts by people of the Latin race, and both are to-day Christian cities. One thousand feet above the Vega we descry the snowy walls of red-tiled houses; before us is the entrance to the frightful gorge, or "Tajo," cleft in the rocky foundations of the town. The scene becomes more and more impressive as we draw nearer to the cliffs.

The roar of tumbling waters is echoed back and forth between the walls of rock; the whirr and buzz of many tiny flour-mills fills the spray-laden air. Our guide points out a path by which we are to ascend city-ward, but we can barely trace its tortuous upward course. He tells us that the bridge was built more than a hundred years ago, and that its arch is three hundred and fifty feet in height; that the river is

RONDA

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called the Guadalevin, or the "Deep Stream"—an Arab name, for Arab names have resisted the Christian flood which swept away the hosts and cities of the Infidel. As we may well imagine, Ronda was regarded by her Moslem masters as a sure refuge for their hosts and a never-failing bulwark against the advance of the Christian armies. Situated in the heart of the wild mountain-region known

CASCADES OF THE GUADALEVIN

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THE BRIDGE OVER THE TAJO

as the Serrania de Ronda, crested by a strong castle with a triple line of walls and towers, Ronda was deemed secure from the attack of unbelievers. But in spite of a brilliant and heroic defense, Ronda at last was taken by the armies of Ferdinand and Isabella, and her people were exiled to Africa or Granada, where at that moment the Moors were still in power. The Spanish prisoners in Ronda's dungeons were joyfully released and carried in triumph before the king and

PRETTY CHILDREN

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queen. The chains stricken from the ankles and wrists of those captives may be seen to-day in the city of Toledo, hanging upon the outer wall of an old church. We, however, shall have less difficulty than the rescuing Spanish knights in gaining entrance to the city. For to-day Ronda, although unused to curious visitors, has begun to look upon them without malice; and fortunately so, for it was once a not-unusual amusement for the idle youth of Ronda to pelt with inconveniently large bits of rock such daring travelers as might have crossed the mountains from Gibraltar to explore this interesting neighborhood. Ronda is refined only in cruelty and lawlessness. Her bull ring has seats for ten thousand spectators — just one half the population of the city. The horses slaughtered in the *Plaza de Toros* are disposed of conveniently by being thrown from an overhang-

THE ROCK OF RONDA

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THE BRIDGE AT RONDA

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ON THE BRINK OF THE TAJO

ing rock into a hollow far below; this accounts for the frequent birds of prey seen hovering around the heights. Ronda was, in fact, one of the cradles of Spain's two pet professions, bull-fighting and smuggling. Her *toreros* and her *contrabandistas* have long been famous. The neighboring mountain-passes, — wild and desert places, — were favorite stages for those dramas in which the highway robber played his stirring part; and, as we finally arrive upon the pavement of the bridge across which flows the tide of city

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BULL RING OF RONDA

life, it seems to our disturbed imaginations as if in every face we read a love of lawlessness. Each donkey driver becomes a *bandolero;* we seem to recognize in this maid or yonder matron a descendant of that notorious Margarita of Ronda who, forty years ago, while yet in the bloom of youth, was executed after confessing to no less than fourteen murders. Or possibly we think of those seven bandit brothers whose record has, I think, not yet been broken, for to them were justly attributed one hundred and two murders and unnumbered robberies. We shudder at the practice in Morocco of hanging gory heads of criminals and rebels above the city-gates. Not more than fifty years ago the heads of bandits were exposed to public gaze in iron cages on the Spanish highways. Customs have changed, however, and Ronda's present life is quietude and peace to all outward seeming. Let us, then, cross the bridge and enter the market-place, where the fruits and vegetables of the surrounding valleys are exposed for sale.

In Ronda the Andalusian costume still prevails. True, it is subject to a gradual modification which haplessly will

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become more rapid every year, now that the railway has disturbed these regions with its shriek of progress. Nevertheless the peasant types are marvelously picturesque. Referring to the sturdiness of these same peasants, there is a Spanish proverb which says:—

"*En Ronda los hombres*
A ochenta son pollones,"

that is, "In Ronda men of eighty are as sprightly as young chickens."

I naturally looked about for specimens of these octogenarian chickens, but unfortunately the only ancient Dons discovered in the streets, did not give evidence of the proverbial sprightliness. I wished most ardently to obtain the services of such a one as guide; but I! alas, discovered that the Span-

ON THE BRIDGE

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THE MARKET

ish taught in Chicago was as Greek to those rare old birds. Nor were my ears attuned to the accent of Andalusia where the prevailing poverty forces the natives to bite off and eat one half or three quarters of every rich, full-voweled Spanish word they utter. Thus I was forced to be content with the services of the hotel guide — a less picturesque but far more comprehensible and comprehending person. He fulfilled the promises of the proverb; for in spite of eighty years of baking in the shadeless streets of Ronda, he nimbly bore my camera from morn till night, climbing to belfries, descending the ravines without apparent fatigue, passing from the torrid street into the chill gloom of the churches without a shiver, and from the cloistered dimness of old monasteries into the awful glare of noonday without a blink. He could not, however, pass a café without partaking of a drop of some "elixir of youth," and in this his one weakness I indulged my eighty-year-old "chicken." His beatific smiles of thanks

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A RONDA "CHICKEN

repaid me many fold. He was, in truth, a model cicerone, and with him I visited all the places which are marked with double stars in the red-covered guide-book.

Expressing a desire to visit the depths of the Tajo, he leads me by a circuitous route to the place where the river Guadalevin enters the gorge of Ronda. We have already looked upon its exit below the Spanish bridge; we now find ourselves at the upper end of the Tajo, within the shadow of an ancient bridge ascribed to Roman builders. There being no path, we pick our way over boulders, leap across the little rivulets into which the stream is here divided, and thus laboriously advance into the depths. The dwellings of Ronda hang on the verge, looking like dice about to be dropped into a mighty dice-cup. Closer and closer to one another draw the over-

IN AND OUT OF CHURCHES

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hanging ledges; higher and higher rise the tiny cubes of white houses which tremble on the brink; deeper and deeper flows the Guadalevin, until at last our progress is arrested by rude natural barriers. We have seen enough, and gladly ascend to gayer scenes and brighter sunshine. My antique companion, in response to my wish to look upon the gorge from one of the houses on the edge, knocks at a door, makes known my desire. Thereupon we are conducted by the mistress of the house to a rear balcony or terrace. As I expected, it did indeed command a superb prospect.

OUR GUIDE

Through the noble arch of the Spanish Bridge we look out at the verdant Vega, refreshed by the waters of the Guadalevin which we see just escaping from a dozen tiny mills. The path by which we first approached the city is now plainly discernible,

A RONDEÑO

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THE HOTEL IN RONDA

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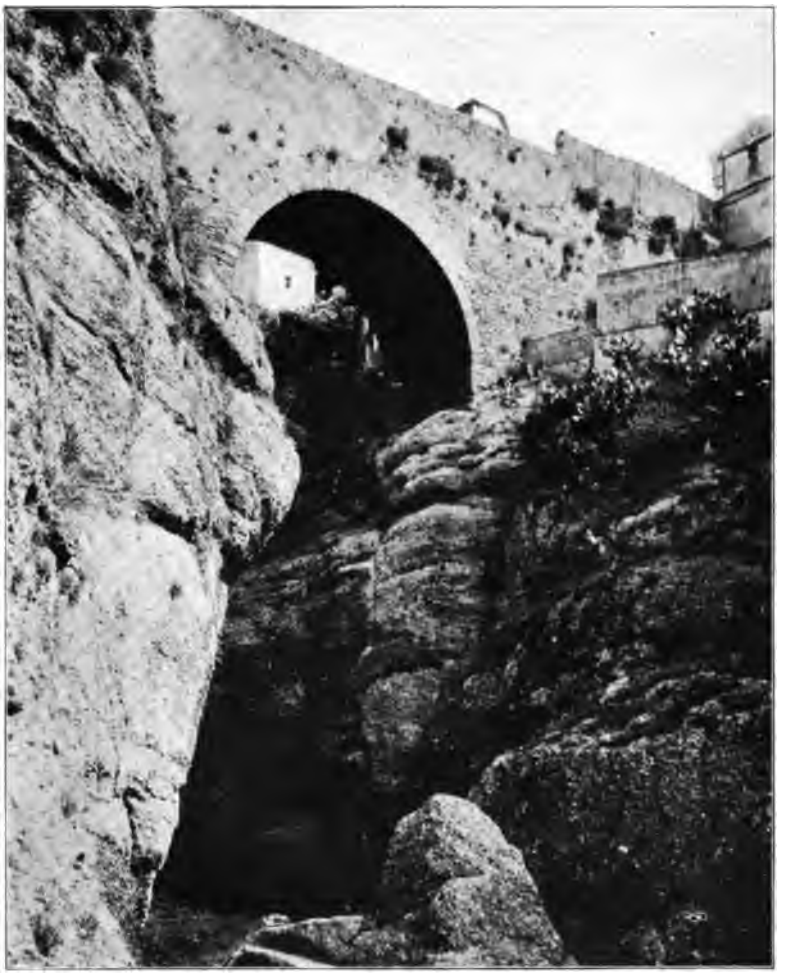

A ROMAN BRIDGE

while directly below us lies the rocky chaos in which we found ourselves a moment since. My Spanish hosts soon become interested in the photographic manipulations, and question me as to my name and country. They invite me to take a glass of sherry in the drawing-room, insisting upon my retaining my hat indoors, which is a curious form of Spanish courtesy. As I rise to go, the kind old Don leads

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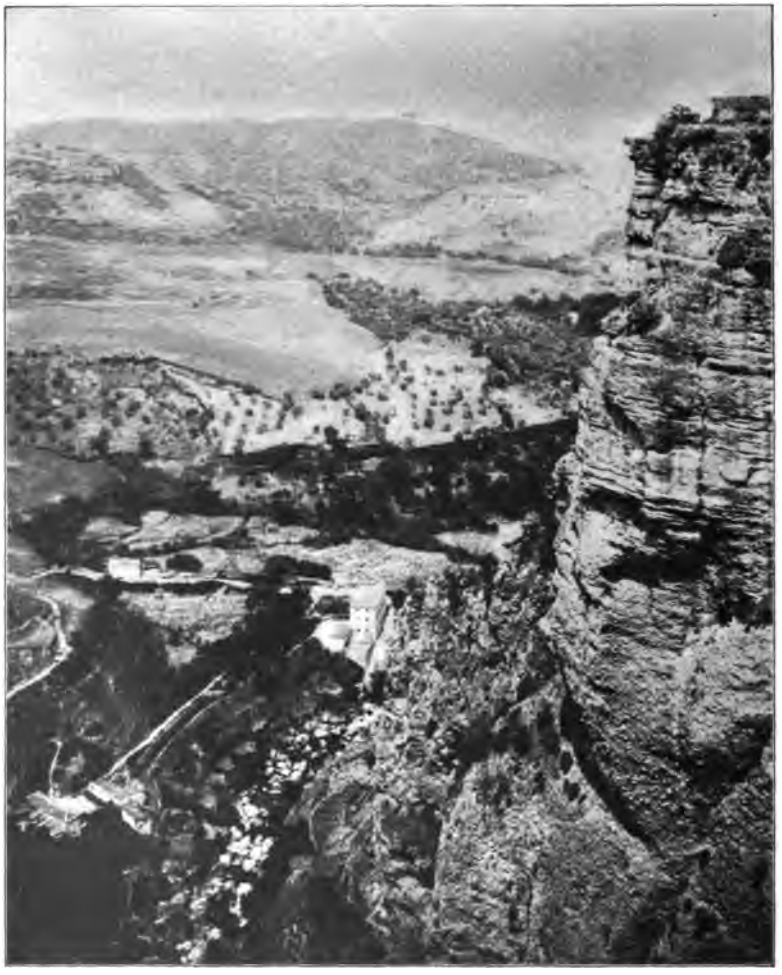
me again out on the terrace, where we surprise three young ladies, his daughters, with mandolins and castanets, practicing a graceful Spanish dance. With as much warmth as if I had been an old acquaintance, he presents me to them, and begs me to watch the dancing and listen to the music for awhile. I learned later that the family held a respected place in Ronda. It is pleasant to recall that he



THE VEGA OF RONDA

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PICTURESQUE PASSERS-BY

who had knocked at the door a stranger was reluctantly ushered out with such kind farewells as would have attended the departure of a friend. A moment after the door has closed behind us, we find ourselves once more upon the bridge, and from its parapets look out again upon the valley, overflowing with warm sunshine and carpeted with luxuriant green. We linger there in comtemplation for an hour.

The view recalls a little excursion which I undertook one afternoon with my old guide and two small lazy donkeys. We crossed the valley, passing through fields of grain and orchards rich in fruit to a deserted hermitage upon the flank of yonder range of hills.

The keys to the old hermitage were in charge of a little girl who dwelt hard by in a sadly dilapidated house, which

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FANDANGO

A VISTA WIDE AND DEEP

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must have been at one time a pretty country seat. She was sweetly pretty, poorly but neatly dressed. The mother's gown of faded black and her pinched and worn expression told of that war with poverty which the great mass of the Spanish people must ever wage and, alas! so

FROM THE BRIDGE

frequently in vain. Yet Spanish poverty is always picturesque — to-day, as in Murillo's time. But with this poverty there marches hand in hand the awful specter "Ignorance." Of Spain's population of about seventeen millions, more than two thirds can neither read nor write. And as returning to the city we again let our eyes wander over the surrounding valleys; let me repeat the words uttered by a Spanish priest: —

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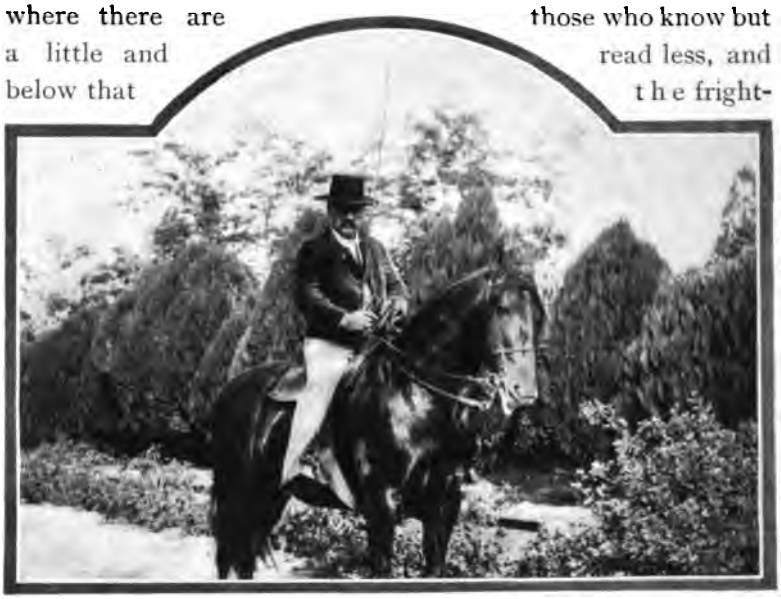
"Behold us, truly if we be not like the people mentioned in the Bible, — seated in the shadow of death — we are at least seated in the shadow of tradition. In Spain the tradition is that at the top there should be a few learned men, a few enlightened priests and bishops, a few men of great talent, and then comes a profound drop to the middle plane where there are those who know but a little and read less, and below that the fright-



BRED IN ANDALUSIA

ful abyss of ignorance in which the untaught millions — seven tenths of the nation — are resigned to live without the light of knowledge." Another lover of the Spanish people says: —

"It is pitiful to see the vivacious look upon their faces and to feel behind it the absence of that spirit of inquiry which elsewhere animates the lower classes. Here in Spain the cerebral instrument is a superior one, yet it has been deemed no more worthy of cultivation than this marvelous soil, so many acres of which lie untilled in Andalusia and the Castilles." And as the sun sinks low and darkness creeps across the Vega, we ask if there be no promise of better

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A GLANCE TOWARD THE SUBURBS

SOUTHERN SPAIN

things. An answer comes to us from the busy cities of the north; from Barcelona, Bilbao, and Madrid, where a new, active life has lately had commencement. A nation's intellectual advance keeps pace with its material progress. Let us then hope that with a

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THE ALAMEDA TERRACE

growing commerce will come a rapid increase in means of popular education. Let us hope that even sleepy, poetic, delightful Andalusia may yet thrill at the touch of the magic

IN SEVILLE

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wand of industry in the hand of the Spirit of Progress; that she may be wakened from her dreamy lethargy, shake off the faded laurels won in driving forth the Moors, and seek fresh wreaths of glory in the arena of modern activity and enterprise. The kingdom which sent Columbus to our shores should be ashamed to play the laggard now. From Ronda we proceed on our

A MINIATURE CALVARY

way in trains as leisurely as they are unluxurious, to fair Seville. At last, however, we reach our destination, and find ourselves upon the Great Plaza near the entrance to Seville's most famous street, the Calle de las Sierpes. We have arrived at the epoch of the great annual Fair, or *Feria*, an event which brings hither from all corners of Spain and from many foreign lands, eager crowds of pleasure-seekers, showmen, travelers, and pickpockets. I had been warned by a Spanish gentleman to look well to my watch and valuables, while my friend had been urged in most serious terms to refrain from appearing in knickerbockers, lest he should be a cause of public tumult;

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for, said our mentor, "all the '*pillos*,' or rascals of Spain are now in town, and they do love to mock an Englishman." Be it said that every foreigner is to the Spanish crowd an Englishman until he otherwise proclaims himself. I must admit we were made to feel decidedly conspicuous until we had invested in two broad-brimmed sombreros of a form especially affected by the Sevillian male.

We shall make our way toward the Feria on foot to visit, as we go, a few of Seville's worthiest sights; and first of course comes the Cathedral and the beautiful Giralda Tower — the tower built by Moorish hands and left a lovely reminiscence of the Moslem's taste and power. It is worth while to climb aloft if only to witness the ringing of the great cathedral bells. The tower vividly recalled to me an unfinished Moorish structure which I had seen a few weeks previously at Rabat on the west coast of Africa. It is said that the same Arab Calif built them

A PORTAL OF THE ALCAZAR, SEVILLE

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both. This thought reminds us that Seville was once a Moslem city like unto Fez, the Moors' metropolis; that Arabic was spoken in its streets and Allah worshiped in its mosques; that Christians once came hither as students in search of Oriental learning. Seville was then a shining light of civilization In time the Christian conquest came, and Seville was taken by the Spanish armies of St. Ferdinand. The conquerors razed to the ground the splendid mosque which stood upon this site, then vowed to erect upon its ruins a holy

TRICK-FOUNTAINS IN THE PATHS

church so vast and so magnificent that posterity would look upon it with awe and call its builders fools or insane men. As a result, Seville possesses one of the grandest cathedrals in all Spain — a land famed for its churches.

Continuing our walk we reach another famous building — one devoted to quite different use — to the manufacture of tobacco. We see a score of modern Carmens going to their daily tasks, but oh! shades of Calvé, de Lussan and the rest! how little like the Carmen of Bizet's opera are these, her

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living prototypes! One thing alone remains of our ideal Carmen, the red rose in her jetty hair. Within the building we are shown from hall to hall, each vaster and more gloomy than the last, each crowded with weary looking women, young and old, of whom many are rocking with their feet the cradle of a sleeping child, while rolling cigars or cigarettes

THE CATHEDRAL OF SEVILLE

with the busy hands. Four thousand workers — four thousand hapless Carmens — daily throng the halls and breathe the tobacco-laden atmosphere. Reaching the outskirts of the city we encounter a goodly load of country lads and lasses fair-ward bound, making slow progress in a two-wheeled cart drawn by a pair of sturdy oxen. A pleasure vehicle offering less comfort we have never seen — nor one the occupants of which were in a merrier mood. This annual feria occur-

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ring the 18th day of April and two following days, is not, however, a simple rustic festival. True, it was primarily an exhibition of produce and fine cattle, but it has now become one of the fashionable events of Spain, and it is to Seville what the Carnival is to Rome and Nice, and the Grand Prix to Paris and Derby Day to London.

Nevertheless our first impressions are of a rural fête, as we come out upon a vast grass-covered space crowded with splendid animals; here sheep, there goats, beyond them pigs, then in another quarter pensive cows, and, last and best, hundreds of restive horses, all awaiting sale. In the distance looms the great cathedral, and every little while the bells of the Giralda send out across the city and this busy camp their cheerful music. We stand now in the middle of the cattle market and around us is enough of wool, hides, beef, mutton, veal, and pork to supply a city's population for a year. As we move on, we pass with anxious eyes gigantic bulls, fearing to become involved in an impromptu bull-fight; for to the uninitiated, the ordinary Spanish bull appears as formidable

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NOT FOR THE BULL RING

as a *toro bravo* of the ring. Reaching in safety the limits of the countryman's domain, we enter that belonging to the world of rank and fashion. This broad and well-kept avenue is during the three days of the fair the focus of the social life of Seville. Here in the morning occurs a grand parade of equestrians and carriages. Not to appear here at the proper hour is a misfortune of the utmost social

GOING TO THE FERIA

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Photograph by D. F. McGillicuddy.

GARDEN OF THE ALCAZAR

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significance, for all Seville is here to look and be looked upon in turn. The stately carriage of Seville's most honored lady passes and repasses us. In it we see the Duchess of Montpensier, sister of the ex-Queen of Spain and widow of the son of Louis Philippe, King of the French. With her, as guests of honor we frequently behold the Countess of Paris and her son the young Pretender to the

WOOLLY ACRES

throne of France, the Duke of Orleans. He does not seem to bear his exile heavily, but rather to enjoy wearing good clothes, setting the styles for aping Spanish swells, attending races, bull-fights, and the like.

Paralleling the driveway is on either side a broad promenade, up and down which at certain hours of the day and far into the night the gaily dressed and animated throng is passing. Here we shall see the fairest of fair Seville's daughters in their new spring frocks; two sisters dressed

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PORK AND MUTTON

alike in every detail is a frequent sight, while even a quartet of pretty girls, each arrayed in a copy of the other's gown,

TOO MUCH FERIA

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is by no means unusual. What an amount of worry and designing is thus saved to the mother of numerous unmarried girls — how many petty jealousies are thus avoided! for each girl must possess just as many and just as tasteful dresses as her sister. Bordering the promenade is a long row of light and airy structures of wood and canvas, adorned with

RANK AND FASHION

rugs and flowers. They are what the Spaniards call "*casillas*," "little houses," and during the fair time serve as temporary homes for the "four hundred" of the city. The family that is of any social pretensions will, at the approach of fair time, rent from the authorities one of these little booths, paying as much as sixty dollars for three short, happy days. Tables and chairs, pianos, lamps, and — most important of all — a sideboard are installed and a kitchen ex-

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temporized in the rear. Then a delightful hospitality is extended to friends, acquaintances, and neighbors. Luncheons, teas, and dinners follow in quick succession, visits are interchanged, in fact, the social life of Seville is for three days brought hither bodily and carried on with unwonted vigor and enthusiasm. At night we may see the life of the casillas at its best, for then they are illuminated, and then it is that daughters of the family dance — in full view of the public eye — the fascinating dances of Andalusia. The music of guitars and castanets, the laughter, lights, and youthful voices, attract and hold the passer-by. Curtains are not impolitely drawn, but instead, by tacit invitation, you and I or any other stranger may join the admiring group of delighted spectators that forms before the little house in which the Señoritas of the rich and titled families are dancing more

EQUESTRIAN

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A CASILLA

"AGUA!"

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THE CIVIL GUARD

for the delectation of the crowd than for the smaller circle of their friends. It is, however, only during this short season of exuberant mirth that Spanish etiquette is thus

THE BUNUELO BOOTHS

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FROM THE COUNTRY

graciously relaxed. Here, as elsewhere in Spain, the polished policemen of the Civil Guard, unlike ordinary policemen, seem to be always at hand. Two by two they always go, and when patrolling lonely roads a regulation compels them to walk twelve paces distant one from the other, to prevent the possibility of being both surprised at the same instant by a hidden malefactor. There are about twenty thousand foot and five thousand mounted members of this corps, and every one of them as far as my experience goes is gentlemanly, honest, and courageous. Should one die in the discharge of duty, he knows that his orphaned children will be cared for by the government and educated in a college at Madrid. To the Civil Guard is due in a large measure the decrease in that brigandage which at one time was the terror of the traveler in Spain.

BUÑOLERAS

Let us now betake ourselves to another avenue where the casillas are rented by a different

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"BUÑUELOS, SEÑOR!"

class of people, by those to whom the feria is a great annual opportunity for gain and not a mere occasion for the display of a new gown or the entertainment of a host of friends.

We have arrived in the streets of the much-talked-of *buñuelos*; and as we naturally have a desire to taste that famous production of Spanish cookery, we accept the pressing invitation of the rather forward damsels in charge of one of these buñuelo booths. We are served with cups of chocolate and with plates of rich, light, delicious, round, and well-browned, red-hot fritters, not unlike but superior to the great American doughnut. In the picture you can see piles of them on the left, freshly

"HELP!"

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A TRIANA BELLE

dipped from a kettle of seething grease by a serious-visaged matron. So well did buñuelos fill a long-felt want with us that we consumed innumerable dozens and were at a loss to understand the reluctance of the Spanish public to go and do likewise. Truly the fair buñoleras used every inducement to attract, and even gentle force to retain, their customers, but for some mysterious reason their blandishments were vain, and many tempting piles of Spanish doughnuts grew chill and cold uneaten. The fact that we had loyally dispatched a yeoman's share of buñuelos did not protect us from the active campaign tactics of the other waitresses. Our progress down the street was a series of captures and escapes, until we were prepared to look with pity on the country lads who, while feebly resisting the temptation to incur indigestion yet had not the necessary courage to break loose from their fair captors. The embarrassment of some of these rustics was pitiable in the extreme.

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Having safely run the gauntlet of ungentle suasion and rude argument, we leave the street to seek our traveling companion, — a dignified delightful doctor from the classic town of Boston, with whom we share a room in our hotel, which like all other hostelries is at this season more than overcrowded. We meet him strolling down a lantern-draped and shady promenade, musing perchance upon distant beauties of the Boston Common, perchance regretting that no

FESTOONS OF MULTICOLORED MOONS

bakery of Boston beans has been installed upon these grounds devoted to good cheer and revelry. We are determined that the doctor shall be consoled for lack of beans by an abundance of brown buñuelos. We diplomatically direct his steps to the street from which we have just escaped, maliciously anticipating his dismay at the un-Bostonesque behavior of the buñoleras whose sole desire is to induce the public — by fair means or foul — to risk a case of

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Photograph by Harlow D. Higinbotham

THE CATHEDRAL OF SEVILLE AND THE GIRALDA

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indigestion. Nor are we disappointed at the result of this unfriendly betrayal of our staid companion; he is at once marked as a newcomer, an unfilled receptacle for the surplus buñuelos! If our previous passing had been a troubled one, this time it is indeed tumultuous. A dozen times he is seized and held a prisoner; a score of women young, old, and middle-aged pursue, arrest, expostulate with, and, finally, noting his stony Boston stare, release him.

ILLUMINATED AVENUES

"If these be Seville people," he exclaims, "I much prefer uncivil ones"; and this bad pun but proved to what a state of desperation he had been driven by his treatment here. At last he yields; enters a booth; his captors then become as gentle and polite as every damsel should be, and serve him graciously with chocolate and cakes; but when he strives to go, they make vain endeavors to retain him with winning smiles and a grip upon his coat-tails. Those who affirm that the Spanish people lack enterprise are referred to Dr. ——

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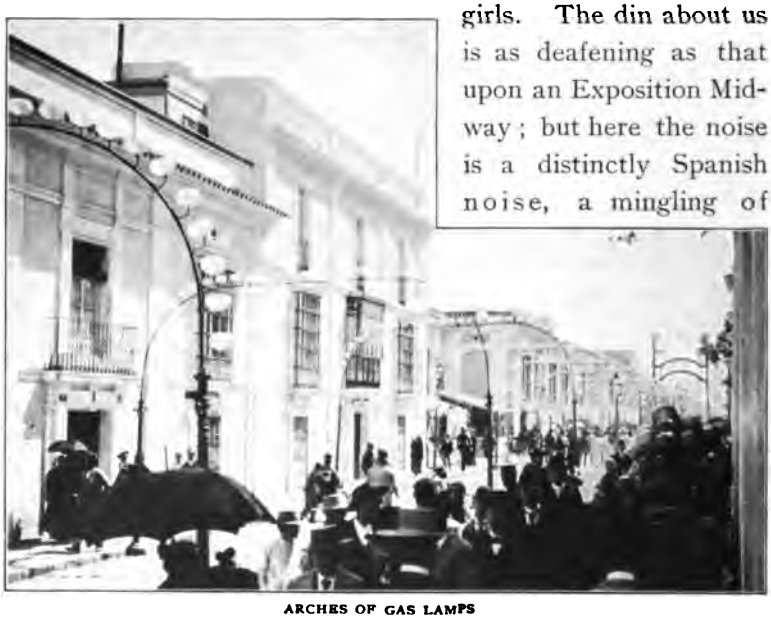
A CONSTELLATION OF LANTERNS

We meantime wander on amid the ever-increasing throng, passing the theaters of showmen and the tents of mountebanks, listening to blind musicians, watching the dancing girls. The din about us is as deafening as that upon an Exposition Midway; but here the noise is a distinctly Spanish noise, a mingling of



ARCHES OF GAS LAMPS

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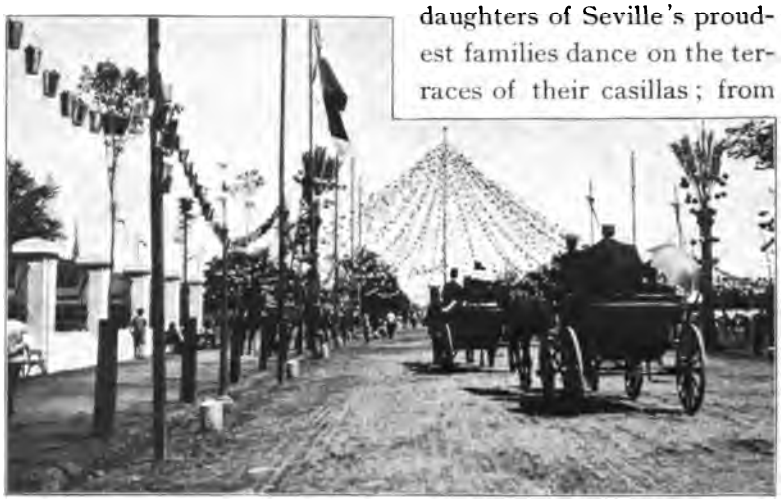
Spanish music, Spanish oaths and exclamations, twanging guitars and clacking castanets.

POSING

But now the day is waning, and cityward the crowd departs — to dine, to dress, and to return anon by night through the gay illuminated streets, where beneath arches of glowing gas-jets moves a river of humanity.

Till late we wander from street to street and from park to garden, discovering everywhere a happy population, enjoying with a Latin zest the greatest fête of the Andalusian year. We watch the daughters of Seville's proudest families dance on the terraces of their casillas; from



A PYRAMID OF LANTERNS

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the street we witness the grand balls given by the leading clubs in their huge open-air pavilions. We find ourselves now struggling with those everlasting buñuelo sellers, now idling in a retired corner of a leafy garden, or, again, passing as in a dream beneath a pyramid of brilliant lanterns suspended like a multi-colored constellation in the night. Even a pictured description of the Seville Fair will give you but the faintest idea of that far-famed event. True, the

ON THE GRAND STAND

feria will not bear comparison with the great international fairs of other lands; it is, you must remember, but a local festival — the most important of its kind in Spain. To the stranger, however, it offers a unique attraction; it gives him in three days a clearer idea of the Spanish people than he could gain by months of formal intercourse and study. During the following days, society, as if to prove how cosmopolitan it is, forgets its Spanish pleasures and becomes Anglomaniac. After the bull-fights, after the dances and

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fiestas, come pigeon-shooting matches and a season of horse-races. The ladies lay aside their lace *mantillas* in favor of the Parisian *chapeaux;* the heavy swells exchange their jackets and wide gray hats for high silk tiles and long frock-coats. The Duc d'Orleans, thanks to his long sojourn on English soil, is the bright particular star of these occasions. He plays the social king while waiting for a call to play a more important kingly part.

AT THE RACES

And now having told you of the bright side of the feria, I turn with hesitation to another feature of the fête; one which to Spanish minds is all brightness and exhilaration, but which to us presents only its dark and blood-stained aspect.

The Bull Ring, the *Plaza de Toros* must now claim our attention. It is with hesitation that I lead you thither; and for two reasons, first, the doubts of my ability to present in words the impressions there received; and secondly, the fear that those impressions, crudely formulated and perhaps too

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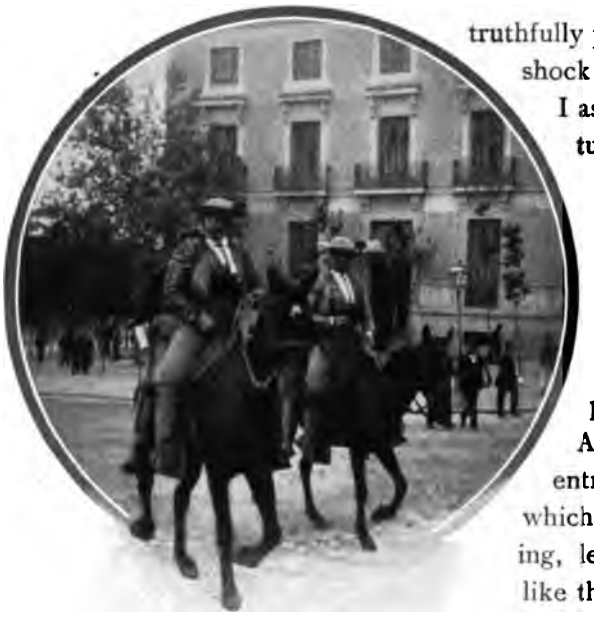

PICADORES

truthfully pictured, may offend or shock a humane public. Yet I assure you that the pictures do but shadow the horrors witnessed in the ring. Those who have attended many bull-fights will tell you after I am done that the half has not been pictured nor been told. As we arrive before the entrance to the Plaza into which an eager public is pouring, let me confess that unlike the average Anglo-Saxon traveler, I do not sweepingly condemn the spectacle. Is our own race free from the reproach of inflicting suffering in the name of sport? We never dwell upon the pain re-

PLAZA DE TOROS

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MANUEL GARCIA, "ESPARTERO"

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sulting from the angler's skilful play, the sportsman's half-successful shot. The Spaniard regards the tortures of the dying bulls and of the disemboweled horses with the same sportsmanlike complacency that characterizes the English lord and lady or members of the Newport "smart set" when

THE PLAZA OF SEVILLE

witnessing the death struggles of the exhausted fox, torn by the fangs of an excited pack. The wide world over we shall find cruelty disguised as sport; hence let us look leniently upon the Spaniard who does but choose nobler victims. Moreover he surrounds their sacrifice with a pomp and a gorgeous pageantry that robs the scene of half its

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THE GIRALDA TOWER IS ALWAYS A SPECTATOR

horror; and, to his credit be it said, the Spaniard is no coward; he stakes his life against that of a redoubtable antagonist. Many fatalities attest this fact.

Let us then enter the vast amphitheater wherein so many tragedies have been enacted; let us suppress the sickening thought of ghastly sights to come; let us prepare to study calmly the Spanish public in its enjoyment of a brilliant national sport; and — I do confess it — a fascinating game of life or death. And it is here in force to-day, that Spanish public; before the opening of the *Corrida* twelve thousand spectators will be massed in unbroken tiers around the mighty arena, half of them being grilled on the stone seats by the torrid sun. It has been said that "the transit of the sun over the plaza, — the Zodiacal progress into Taurus — is certainly not the worst calculated astronomical observation in Spain; the line of shadow defined on the arena being accurately marked by a gradation of prices." We have wisely taken places on the shady side — *de sombra* — and from our box we see the graceful tip of the Giralda, delicately outlined against the April sky.

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The Giralda is always a spectator. Better to study our neighbors and the fight itself, we descend to the lowest row of seats bordering the circular alley of refuge for the fighters. Around us are the amateurs of tauromachia, *los aficionados*, men who follow the contests with an enthusiasm akin to that which animates our fellow-countrymen at foot-ball games. They know the brave *toreros*, from the humble *chulos* to the *picadores* and world-famed *matadores ;* they are good judges of the bulls' fine points, and know the rules and precedents of the cruel sport as well as a professional. There in the boxes we behold the votaries of fashion, and yonder in the royal box sit the families of Montpensier and Orléans, the little princesses unmoved by the thought of what they are about to witness. Below is the place reserved for the president of the course, whose word is law for the occasion. His word is, however, frequently influenced by the will of an excited audience, whose clamorous desires are not to be disregarded by even the most determined of presiding officers. The suppressed murmur, which has been growing in volume as the crowd increases in

THE ENTRY

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density, now rises to a high pitch, — there is a sudden ranging of spectators, a burst of martial music, and all faces are turned in one direction, as out into the arena sweeps the richly dressed *Cuadrilla*, which includes the bravest and most famous heroes of the ring. This processional entry is the first event of the long anticipated season of three consecutive days of bloody combats. Seville is happy.

A MOMENT'S RESPITE

At no other season, save perhaps at Easter time, and in no other place are finer Corridas given than during the April fair here in Seville. For these Corridas of the feria are reserved the fiercest and most formidable bulls, — to shine at these events is the ambition of every leader in the art; we may therefore rest assured that to-day's spectacle will be perfect of its kind. Heroism and horror will delight the crowd.

The members of the Cuadrilla salute the presidential box, then form in line of battle after having exchanged their richly embroidered capes for common ones of red and yellow.

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Then trumpets sound, the door of the *toril* is thrown open, and amid the breathless silence the first bull makes his entry. He pauses, dazed by the glare, then espying a chulo waving a red cape, he charges at him. Seldom does the *capeador* await the first onslaught of the animal; instead, running lightly, he vaults the barrier, and from the safety of the circular alley between it and the wall of the arena

THE PLAY OF THE CAPA

watches the bull exhaust his first angry force upon the solid wooden panels. Impotent is the fury of the bull.

Meanwhile a mounted picador is urging his frightened, miserable horse into position to receive a charge. The bull being accustomed to equine companions during his life in the open country, at first looks upon the horse without hostility and turns away. Perhaps the bull a second time pursues a fleeing capeador, who this time may turn and face his advancing foe, and throwing the *capa* out to right or left, stand there unarmed, while the bull harmlessly tosses the airy,

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alluring mantle with his fearful horns. A little of this play exasperates the bull; he looks about for some more tangible object to attack. His eyes are fixed upon a horse. Still he hesitates to harm a fellow-quadruped. At this moment the sturdy picador spurs on his trembling Rosinante, and, his lance in position, advances upon the bull. The latter with lowered horns still stands there undecided. The horse's right eye is tightly bandaged, so that he does not see the

AWAITING THE ATTACK

danger, yet his quivering members tell of his instinctive fear. A few provoking movements of the lance, and, aroused at last, the bull springs forward, and with awful force, lifts horse and rider on his horns. The picador has, however, received the bull upon his lance, fixing it just between the shoulders. With all his strength he bears upon his weapon, but as the blade is purposely protected so that it may not cut too deeply, the wound inflicted is but a trifling one; the picador's sole effort being to repulse the bull, to cause him to retire,

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MAN AND HORSE IN AIR

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THE SHOCK

and thus save the horse and rider from being borne down. To us it seems as if the rider's leg must be transfixed upon a horn, and we are glad to know that beneath his heavy leathern trousers the picador is armored like a battle-ship, with steel. But are not the horns, then, buried in the horse's flank? Almost invariably they are. The other fighters, who have been standing by, now draw off the bull by means of waving capas, for the weakness of the wounded horse may render critical the picador's position. In this case the horse has been but lightly lacerated; he is still strong enough to stand, and so is kept in the ring to serve again as target for the horns. Meantime two other picadores engage the bull. And he, having once smelled blood, requires little inducement to return again and again to the attack. An almost fatal charge occurs right at our feet, — the horse is pierced by two sharp blood-stained horns and lifted with his rider high into the air. The bull lowers his head, but cannot disengage it; nor can the horse escape, nor can the picador avail aught with his spear; and those about

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us murmur "*cavallo muerto*," "a dead horse," and we turn aside our faces, and then we look again that we may know the worst. The horse and rider are pushed by the blinded bull to the very limits of the ring; the picador is crushed against the barrier, and then lifted over it, unconscious, by his comrades, while the horse, at last free from his assailant, begins a frantic death-race around the arena, his entrails drag-

RESCUING A PICADOR

ging, leaping high in his agony at every bound. Thrice does the bull arrest that mad career, charging and tossing the mutilated horse each time it dashes blindly past him. And this incident is considered comic by the vast audience. The people rise to their feet and laugh until the tears come to their eyes. The papers next day allude to it as an "original and amusing incident." Meantime the picador, recovering from a fainting spell, is led past us. Some one reproaches him for leaving

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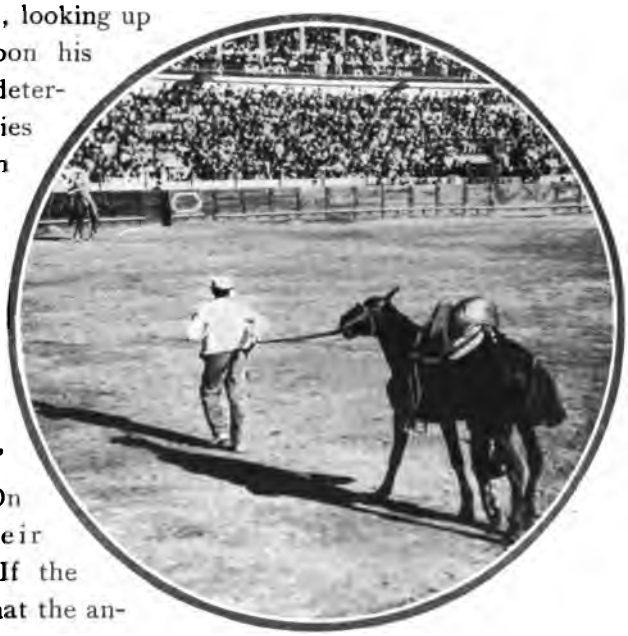
FINISHED!

the arena; and he, looking up with a sneer upon his sensual but determined face, replies in a tone that can not leave a doubt of his regret at going, "Men are not made of steel."

"But what becomes of the wounded horses?" you may ask. On circumstances their fate depends. If the attendants find that the an-



LED OUT TO DIE

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imal has still sufficient life, the saddle is re-adjusted, and the rider mounts again. If not, if the beast cannot be urged to rise, a short sharp knife inserted in the brain ends the brief minutes of torture, which are perhaps less cruel than the long years of ill-treatment and overwork which would have been allotted to the horse had it not been bought by the contractor who supplies equine victims to make these Spanish holidays. You may ask indignantly, "And do the Spanish really love these sights?" Not so; they seldom see them; their eyes are following the enraged bull, the clever agile fighters. The horse, once gored, is instantly forgotten. The chulos lead away the mangled animal unnoticed. It is only the unaccustomed Anglo-Saxon eye that dwells on its suffering and death, and thus misses the marvelous feats of dexterity and skill performed by the toreros in transferring the scene of the combat to another quarter. Often, however, these very animals, after external traces of their

WITH SWORD AND MULETA

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THE BANDERILLERO WAITS

injuries have been partially disguised by sewing up the wounds, make their appearance in a succeeding fight, — on the same day, of course, to perish on the horns of other bulls.

But to our relief the clarion sounds again, announcing that the work of picadores and horses is now ended and calling the banderilleros into action. Their play is the most agreeable because the least cruel feature of the fight. The weapons called in Spanish banderillas are slender wooden wands, decked with gaily colored paper-lace and furnished with a metal point so formed that when once plunged into the flesh it cannot be detached. A banderillero on the extreme right waits with a pair of these gay torture-darts, while a capeador provokes the bull to fiercer anger with his cloak.

The animal, rushing on, tosses aside the cloak, and then stands face to face with his new foe, who brandishes in

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each hand a dainty paper-covered banderilla. The man and beast rush each upon the other, hearts stand still, and then there burst forth acclamations loud and long; for at the moment of what might have proved a tragic meeting, the man, gracefully rising on tiptoe between the lowered horns, fixes his darts with superb accuracy into the shoulders of the bull and deftly steps aside, leaving the animal to continue his unavailing rush, to bellow and madly to try to shake

THE FINAL STROKE

from his flesh the pain inflicting weapons. Three pair of banderillas are usually placed; not always without mishap, for I have seen many a jacket rent by a too rapid horn, many a torero rolled in the dust only to rise unhurt and recommence his play, to the delight of breathless spectators.

Now comes the third and final act, the duel between the bull and the *Matador*, or *Espada*, the highest rank to which a torero can aspire. Like poets, Espadas, or swordsmen, are born not made, and Spain can boast of but few men of this

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PLAUDITS FOR GUERRITA

class. At the head of them stands Rafael Guerra or *Guerrita* as he is known in the ring. The rewards of the Espada are not to be despised. Guerrita, we are told, makes in one year about sixty thousand dollars, and dispatches about two hundred bulls. Since becoming matador he has killed no fewer than fourteen hundred bulls, and his savings represent six hundred thousand dollars. Armed simply with a slender sword and the muleta,—a square of red cloth attached to a light stick,—he begins a duel with the now thoroughly enraged antagonist. He must, however, show his skilful play before attempting to end the tragic combat. It is here the stranger is least disgusted and most deeply interested, for the play is fair, the chances equal; and we know that it is to be a duel to the death, for the matador does not enjoy the privilege of seeking safety behind the barrier. The brute directs his

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fierce attacks at the red cloth, and on the proper maneuvering of tnat bit of rag depends the life of the Espada. With it he causes the furious animal to charge, to retreat, to turn, or to leap—a dozen times he will provoke attack, as many times he will by a simple movement, almost without quitting a given spot, escape a horrible death. At last, grasping the sword,—so slender and flexible and keen,—he stands face to

THE EXIT OF THE BULL

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BEEF FROM THE BULL RING

face with his tormented foe, ready for the final stroke. There is a charge, a lowering of a gigantic pair of horns, a flashing of a polished blade, a burst of thunderous applause, and the bull drops to his knees, sways feebly to and fro, then with a last convulsive fall, after having vomited a stream of blood, he dies — protestingly. The sword hilt is seen protruding from a bleeding shoulder,— the point is buried in the heart. The *diestro* then acknowledges the plaudits of the crowd, while a short knife is plunged by an attendant into the bull's brain to complete the work begun by the torero. Sometimes, however, even the most skilled Espadas fail to dispatch their enemy with a single blow; two, three, even four unsuccessful

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thrusts are made ; the sword may strike a bone and break ; the onslaught of the bull may not be of sufficient speed and force to drive the blade in deep enough ; or, the sword may enter to the very hilt without fatal effect, its point not having reached a vital spot. In cases such as these the diestro must recommence his play, draw out the sword, or with a second one attempt to save his reputation. Of the three dozen bulls

Photograph by Harlow D. Higinbotham

SARCOPHAGE OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA

which I saw slain in Spain, but six were properly dispatched. Many died only after receiving repeated thrusts; others, falling from exhaustion, were turned over to the attendants who, with their small and murderous knives, ended the tragedy ingloriously. The rare successful stroke is, however, the signal for an ovation ; hats, caps, cigars, and flowers are showered upon the smiling victor as he makes his usual

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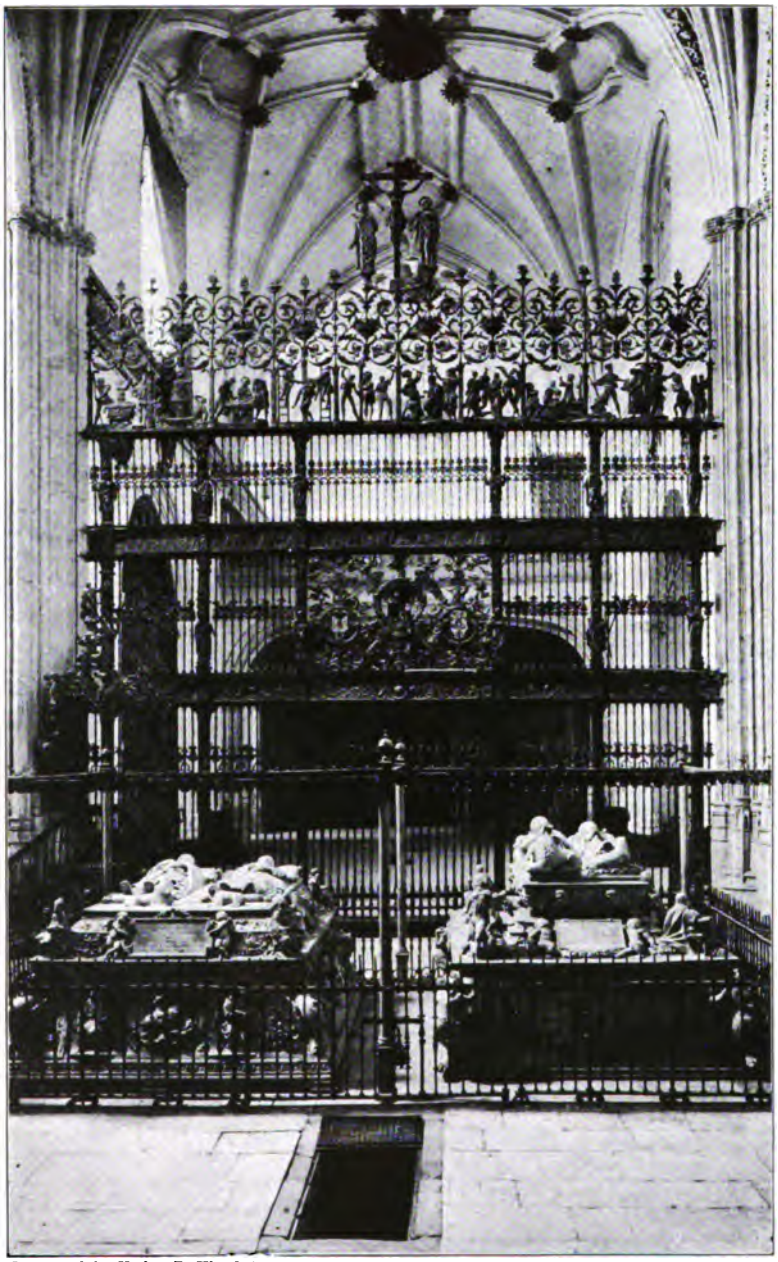

Photograph by Harlow D. Higinbotham

THE TOMB OF THE "CATHOLIC KINGS," GRANADA

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triumphant tour around the ring. The flowers and cigars he keeps, the hats he gathers up and tosses back skilfully to their enthusiastic owners. No American hats were thrown.

While cheers and music fill the air, the corpses of the slaughtered horses are dragged out of the arena by teams of mules. Then comes the turn of the chief victim of the game. At a gallop he is dragged around the

BOABDIL AND THE "CATHOLIC KINGS"

ring, finally making a pitiable exit. We can scarcely believe that the stiffened carcass is that of the superb bull, who made so proud and defiant an entry not twenty minutes since.

The surface of the arena is now raked over here and there. A wheelbarrow of sand is sprinkled on the bloody places, the trumpet sounds, the picadores again appear, the toril door is once more opened, and the drama is begun afresh. Six times between the hours of four and six is the play repeated. Six bulls are killed; and if you wish to know

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what then becomes of them, come with me to this butcher-shop of the *Plaza de Toros* where already, before the audience has left the amphitheater, there are hanging, neatly dressed, the carcasses of five of the bovine bravos of the afternoon, while number six is being rapidly prepared for market. We become vegetarians for the ensuing week.

Local meat-merchants, so we are told, purchase the beef at auction and sell it to the poor; for although it is black and tough, it is not considered unfit for human consumption. As to the slain horses — pardon just one more unpleasant picture — they are deposited in a courtyard to which the ragmuffins of the street have free entrance, and where they count with eagerness the victims of the day, showing not the slightest aversion, but instead scrambling over the bodies, examining and commenting on the wounds,

Photograph by Harlow D. Higinbotham

TWO TOWERS OF THE ALHAMBRA

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Photograph by Harlow D. Higinbotham

A TOWER

praising the bulls who could make such or such a rent, and thus consoling themselves for having missed the fight itself.

To-day there are no fewer than seventeen dead horses as a result of the Corrida. On another occasion I saw twenty-three perish in the ring. "What do they do with all these bodies?" we ask. A boy, noting our expressions of disgust, replies in Spanish, "Oh, they make sausages and ship them to America!" And now one word about the fate of *Espartero*, who shared that day the honors with

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THE GENERALIFE

Guerrita, and who was considered by some his equal, by others his superior. While witnessing his marvelous feats of daring and dexterity, we little thought that ere the season closed he should meet with a tragic death in a grand "bull feast" at Madrid. Having been slightly wounded by a bull, he yet insisted on continuing his play; he poised the sword, the brute rushed at him, and to the horror of the ten thousand people the famous Matador was caught, lifted, tossed, then helplessly rolled in the dust, and finally before the paralyzed cuadrilla could rush to his assistance, the bull had plunged a reeking horn into his body. The Catholic priest who is at every plaza ever in waiting with the sacrament, was called upon; the surgeon's hand was powerless to save the life of *Espartero*. A nation mourned his death as it would not have mourned the death of a prime minister.

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Leaving Seville with its present-day spectacles and pageants, we turn to quiet old Granada, with its memories of a glorious past,—its memories of the Moors, of King Boabdil, and of Ferdinand and Isabella. And where should Ferdinand and Isabella more fittingly be entombed than in the royal chapel of the grand Cathedral of Granada? Here, side by side, we see their effigies, surmounting a splendid mausoleum of Carrara marble. Their daughter Juana and her husband Philip sleep close at hand upon another marvelously carved tomb. The superb iron screen, designed in 1522 by Bartolomé, is in good keeping with the dignity of this hallowed place, while as a work of art it vies in its perfection with the sculptured sepulchers themselves.

We descend into the crypt, and look with reverence upon the identical coffins in which rests the mortal substance of him whom Shakespeare called the "wisest King that ever ruled in Spain," and of her deemed by the bard, "The Queen of Earthly Queens." "A small space for so much greatness," as Emperor Charles V once said. Unlike most royal burial-places this one has never in the course of centuries been

JUAN DE LARA

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APPROACH TO THE ALHAMBRA

desecrated by the hand of conqueror or revolutionist. The fair, pious, gentle Isabella and her wise consort for almost four hundred years have slept peacefully in the midst of the city from which their armies had so gloriously driven forth the Saracen. Although now boasting four centuries of Christian rule, Granada is still dominated by the citadel of her Moslem monarchs. The mention of the name "Granada" still evokes visions of Oriental splendor, visions of fairy palaces and giant towers, visions of that far-off age when Spain was yet a part of the Islamic Empire. Who can say "Granada" without hearing the word echoed back with another sound,—"Alhambra"? Our first vision of the Moorish palace is not, however, one to wake enthusiasm. We see only some crumbling towers, all devoid of beauty, perched on the flank of a densely wooded height, and guarding a collection of unattractive little structures and a huge square mass of heavy masonry,—the unfinished, roofless palace of that royal vandal, Charles the Fifth, to whom posterity owes a debt of deepest hatred for his many ruthless profanations of the beautiful. Below us are the houses of Granada looking humbly up at the Alhambra Hill; far in the background rise the snowy crests of the Sierra, while if we change our post

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of observation, we may look out over the city to where the far-famed Vega stretches away in vapory indistinctness. The Vega is as luxuriantly productive to-day as when under the skilful irrigation of the Moor, its agricultural richness tempted his Christian neighbors to enter in and possess the land. Our gaze returns instinctively to the Alhambra height, for we are burning with impatience to find ourselves within its bewitching halls.

Let us first, however, return to our hotel to breakfast in its garden on the slope of the Alhambra Hill. The *Hotel de Siete Suelos* stands at the base of the old Moorish tower of the seven stories, from which it takes its name. This terrace lies almost in the shadow of the Alhambra walls, and from it we may look down the long avenue, descending city-wards, and shaded by the fine old elm-trees brought hither and planted by the Duke of Wellington. We are in a place of quietude and freshness. Tall trees shut out the glare of a June sun; murmuring waters help us to forgetfulness of the parched and dusty city far below. We feel that we could live here forever and be content. Across the way rises the Hotel Washington Irving, largely patronized from patriotic motives by our fellow-countrymen. The houses are both good, and ideally located. In the shaded avenue between the two façades we shall find groups of gypsies eager to perform, for a consider-

LIONS NOT KNOWN TO NATURAL HISTORY

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THE KING OF THE GRANADA GYPSIES

tion, dances more or less graceful. Conspicuous among these dusky and insistent beggars is the self-styled King of the Gypsies who, with a stagy dignity, accosts the traveler, informs him of his rank and state, sells him his portrait for two *pesetas*, and offers to pose before a kodak for a dollar. Courageous is the stranger who refuses to pay tribute to this picturesque old monarch. But the sight of him is worth whatever it may cost; his brigand face and raiment, his lordly and commanding air, speak to us of the romantic past, — he is in harmony with his surroundings.

And now the guides appear to press their services upon us, having with unerring judgment recognized new-comers. Guides, as a rule, I heartily abhor; they rob you of delightful first impressions; they lead you blindfold along a beaten path, force you to look upon the wonders of the world through their spectacles of ennui; they make the traveler a slave. Not so with Juan de Lara, the handsome youth who

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now looks out upon you from the page. True, without so much as asking my consent, he had appointed himself my guide and faithful follower; yet so charmingly did he commend himself to me that I had not the heart to bid him hence. He spoke French with a pretty southern accent, while Spanish in his mouth was like the music of the ever-murmuring streams that flow beneath the elms of the Alhambra. His ambition was to come to the United States, where, like a thousand others, he believed that fortune waited for him. During one of our rambles in the city proper Juan paused before a humble doorway, and asked me if I cared to enter and repose in my own house. "*My* house?" I query. "Yes; of course *I* live here, but the house is *yours*." Then I remembered that it is part of Spanish courtesy to offer to one's guest the ownership of all one's goods. Juan

"LIKE THE WALLS OF FEZ"

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then presented me to his mother, and to his four pretty sisters, all doing needle-work. I enjoyed a most amusing visit, struggling bravely with my imported Spanish to answer all the curious questions which fell from pretty Andalusian lips. In that family of working people I found a delicate refinement of speech and manner that would have graced a far more pretentious home.

When I was leaving Granada, Juan asked my destination. "Paris," was my reply. "*O Paris!*" exclaimed the boy, "*el ultimo suspiro del Americano!*"—"the last sigh of the American!"

It was with Juan de Lara as my cicerone that I first approached Granada's famous fortress. For the Alhambra was primarily a fortress, grim and forbidding, while the lovely palace to which it owes its fame is simply a royal residence within the fortifications, a retreat in which the Moorish princes could dream of love, secure from the attacks of enemies. A line of walls and towers stretches completely around the border of the hill, forming thus a stronghold, which in the Moorish days contained an army of forty thousand men

A MOORISH GATE

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A WINDOW

It awed into submission the turbulent population of Granada, which then numbered half a million, being six times as great as to-day.

The towers all bear suggestive names, and to each is attached some fabulous tale in which Infantas, captive Princesses, and Christian knights play their romantic parts. Advancing, the *Torre de los Picos*, or battlemented Tower, comes in view. The ruinous condition of the walls, the frowning aspect of the towers, the air of neglect, and the suggestion of vanished greatness, combine to render our impressions identical with those attendant upon arrival beneath the ramparts of Fez, the Sacred City of Morocco, where the descendants of the builders of this Oriental pile are striving to maintain the shadow of the former power of the Moor.

Let me confess that I do not dwell with pleasure on my first walk through the famous interior courts and chambers of the Alhambra. All that I remember is that, in company with a small band of tourists, I was rushed by a guide in uniform through a confusing fairyland; that I listened to studied

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GLIMPSES OF SUNSHINE AND VERDURE

explanations in indifferent French; looked out of windows upon scenes of beauty, and was reconducted to the door where fees were given, thanks returned, and the whole party ushered out. Such was my first unsatisfactory and disappointing visit to the Moorish wonderland, — a visit to which I had looked forward for many years. But I was resolved not to leave Granada until I had visited the Alhambra in my own way; until I had wandered in freedom through its mazes; until I had found opportunity to sit me down in some secluded corner and, undisturbed, read over once again those Tales of the Alhambra, which all of us have known from childhood. True, one may secure a permit "*Por estudiar*," "to study" in the palace; but all day long, from nine o'clock till dusk, the tread of pilgrim feet is heard, and bands of "Cookies" and "Gazers" and other guide-book-laden tourists, file in an almost unbroken procession through its precincts. Families are being photographed, seated upon the lions of the famous court; curious ones are inspecting with a

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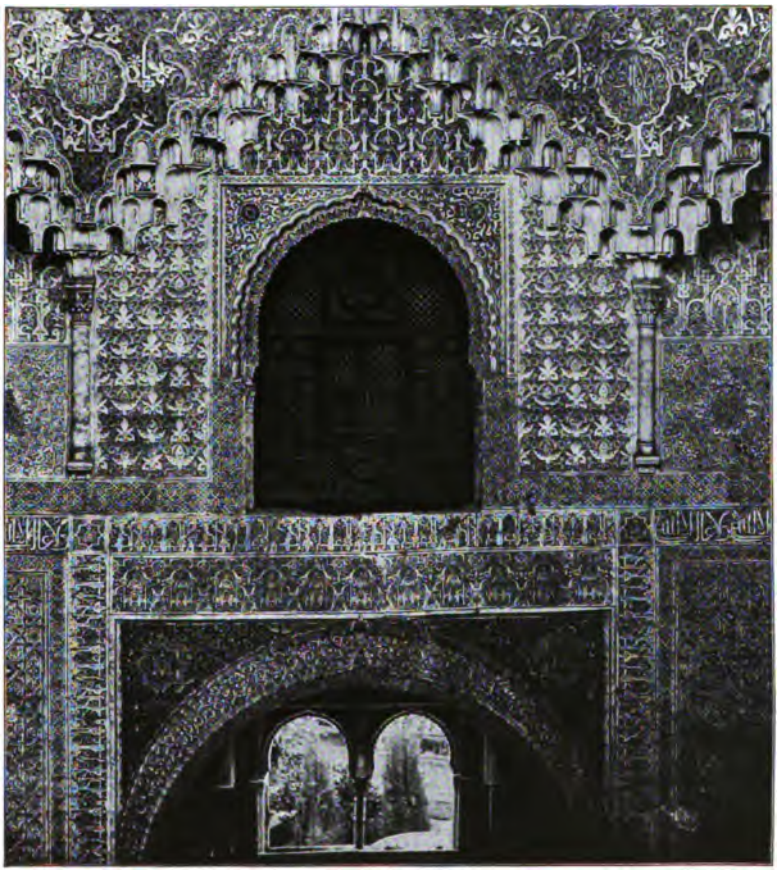
magnifying-glass the alleged blood stains in the pavement or measuring the columns with tapes; would-be vandals are striving to escape the watchful vigilance of the impassive guards. So you see the Spirit of Romance must, during the show hours of the day, retire to some mysterious and seldom opened chamber to sally forth at night when pale moonbeams are the only visitors, or in early morning when the first soft glow of sunrise steals through the marble forests of slender graceful pillars in the deserted courts.



ARABESQUES

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I find myself next morning mounting the silent height of the Alhambra, as the first rays of the sun are saluting it. I approach the massive Gate of Justice, and look upon the famous symbols carved above its archways. There is the mystic hand,— symbol of Power and Providence, — then on the inner arch the key, — the key of knowledge wherewith God opens the hearts of true believers. "When the hand shall reach down and grasp the key, then, and then only shall Granada fall a prey to Christian hosts," had been the oft-repeated boast of Moorish kings. The hand is still an empty hand with fingers outstretched, and the key remains ungrasped—yet the power of the Moors is vanished. Passing the gateway I discover

THE GATE OF JUSTICE

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SPANISH SWORD AND SCEPTER

at his doorway the chief guardian of the inner palace. The hour of six has not yet rung; no one is astir besides the guardian save an old woman who, with a score of goats, has paused at his request to fill a mug with goat's milk freshly drawn in full view of the purchaser. Seizing my opportunity I enter into conversation with the pair; and when the old dame has departed, the guardian does not re-enter his fairy palace unaccompanied, for he — may Allah prosper him! — accepts a proffered fee, slyly admits a happy stranger to his wonderland, and then, bidding me be silent, steals away to his apartments. Thus it was I found myself for a few brief hours master of the Alhambra. Like our loved compatriot, Washington Irving, I had succeeded to the vacant throne of the ill-fated king Boabdil. For three delicious hours I was *alone* in the Alhambra.

The first court, that of the Myrtles, was silent and deserted; I almost feared to move, to break the stillness with

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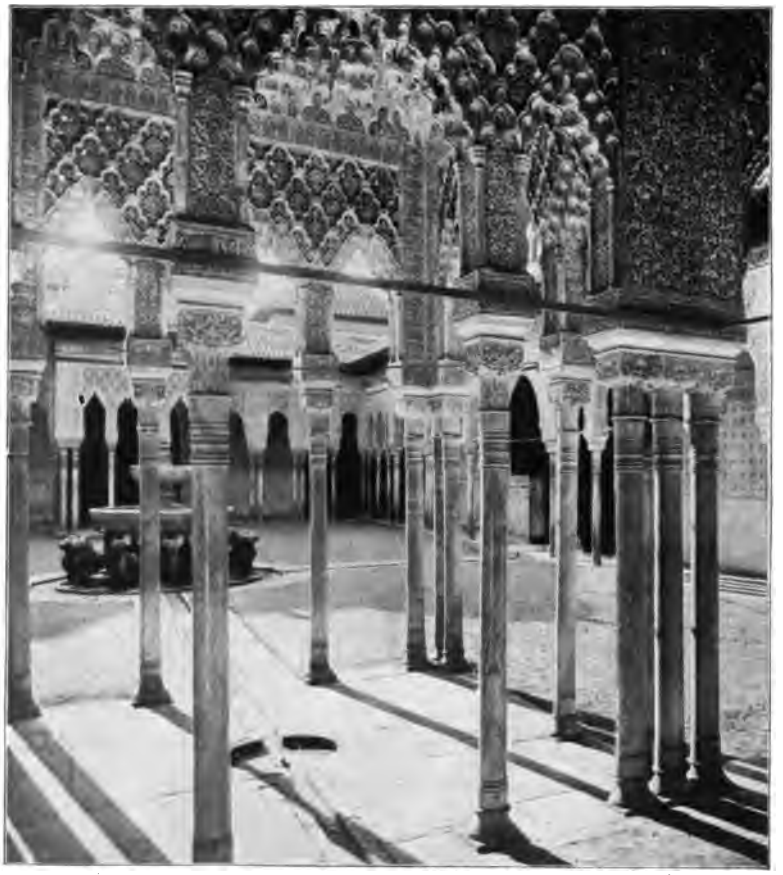
my tread upon the pavement. I could not realize my good fortune; I dared not enter into the enjoyment of my little reign, trembling lest I should wake again to find it but a continuation of my dream. Finally, however, I convince myself that I am really awake, that the Alhambra is my own until the bells of the many Christian churches far below shall sound the hour of nine, and waft away the spell of solitude and silence which hovers in the magic atmosphere about me. The Spirits of Romance and Beauty now willingly become



SUNSHINE AND SHADOWS

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my guides and lead me to another court, the name of which I need not even speak; we know it, and have known it for many years. In the sweet morning light we do not see the wounds which time and decay have here inflicted; we see the court in all the unimpaired beauty of its early days; it seems to us as perfect as when the builders inscribed in ornamental characters round its arches, "May lasting power and glory imperishable be the inheritance of the master of this palace."

ENTRANCE TO THE HALL OF THE AMBASSADORS

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DARK CORRIDORS AND SUNNY COURTS

Before us is the famous fountain. Its lower basin is supported by twelve carved lions. As if in obedience to the Moslem injunction against the creation of the likeness of any living thing, the Arabic sculptor has not slavishly imitated nature's forms, and these are likenesses of no beast known to Natural History. And still they are highly decorative, possessing benign expressions, — expressions which render unnecessary the assurances contained in the closing line of the long inscription carved upon the fountain: "Fear not in thy contemplation while gazing upon these rampant lions, they are without life and without ferocity."

Word pictures of the various interiors of the Alhambra would be superfluous even were it possible to paint in phrase its beautiful apartments, corridors, and courts. Who does not know the famous Hall of the Ambassadors, high-ceiled, noble of proportion? Who has not lingered in imagination at the windows of the Mirador of Lindaraja, or feasted the eyes upon the arabesques of the Hall of the Two Sisters?

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The indescribable delicacy and daintiness of Arabian architecture charms and delights us after the gloomy solidity of the Gothic structures reared by the conquering Spaniards.

It is said, I know not how truly, that it is the custom of the descendants of the Moors who once dwelt within this fortress and palace, to petition Allah that they may one day repossess it and dwell again in the earthly paradise. Americans, who by virtue of Washington Irving's poetic pages, must ever feel a sense of ownership in the beautiful Alhambra, look upon the acropolis of Granada as a shrine to which they owe a pilgrimage; and surely, not all "good Americans" will "go to Paris when they die." Some of the more romantic of our disembodied compatriots will — if choice be allowed them — haunt the towers and halls and battlements of the storied Alhambra. Certainly, the artists and the lover of the beautiful must ever regret the Christian conquest of this exotic kingdom of the Moors.

THE COURT OF THE LIONS IN THE ALHAMBRA

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Pathetic indeed were the fortunes of the Moors of Spain, —the builders of this lovely pile. They brought to the Peninsula a civilization higher than any it had ever known. The land that they had subjugated, they ruled with dignity, intelligence, and wisdom for seven centuries, and then they passed away, bequeathing to the country of their adoption the most romantic pages of its history and its fairest monument, the Alhambra of Granada.

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